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CAN CURSES KILL YOU? — page 12

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CEDRIC R. WENTPLAY

CHRISTMAS with a BANG

In the luxury Athens hotel the season roared far from festive with milling hordes of revolutionaries outside continually shelling and bombing the place.

WHEN you can't get home for Christmas, the next best thing is to spend the festive season in congenial company at some famous and expensive hotel—*with someone else getting the bill.*

At least, that is what they say. I had it that way in Christmas, 1944, and at times I found myself longing for the comparative peace and safety of enemy-occupied Cairo or the frozen Greek line in Italy.

The holiday was the fabulous Grande Bretagne, in Athens—a huge

yellow pile of curved stone, with up-to-the-minute plumbing, dark paneling gathered with Old Masters, and acres of delicate parquet and mosaic flooring.

The company? Well, it included about twenty other war correspondents, the Greek Prime Minister, Papandreu; his wife, Kathari, complete with wigs and jewelry; the British commander in Greece, Lord-General Sforak, and his staff, a mass of liaison officers, including the Russians, and a gaggle

of native figures who spent their evenings and weekends goofing about in enemy territory.

Oh, yes—and there were some of the most gorgeous girls ever to be scooped out of their native detachment by shelling, but at this juncture I had better not start reminiscing about them.

Unfortunately, there were also one or two drawbacks. The Grande Bretagne had far too much glass, which mostly found itself getting the full benefit of sun and shelling. There were no servants, so you got in line at the huge restaurant and took your dinner with red tape and cabaret musicians for Army lullaby beat.

The prospect of the danger-zone was not to be cluttered with sleeping Gorkhas, tooth-firm patrol teams in the shopping centre about two hundred yards away. The Greek Cabinet wasn't so dogmatic after all, for it wasn't too soon when safe anyone was on—and General Sforak's staff became noticeably cooler towards all correspondents when it read the dispatches entitled to Britain and America by name of the hope.

Athens had been just wonderful up to three weeks before. We were lucky people, those of us able to enjoy the Greek gratitude for a peaceful liberation.

Then certain characters of opportunity variously known as E.A.M., E.L.A.S., and K.K.E. decided to lower the boom. What they produced was a full-scale Communist revolution, beautifully organized and opposed only by a couple of battalions of British and Indian troops and a loyal Greek brigade.

The balloon went up when the Greek police fired on a mob of demonstrators, killing several. At once, a large slab of the American and British press, knowing very little about the pressures going on behind

the scenes, began to scream accusations at the Greek police for "this unprecedented act of violence."

General Sforak stayed put, threw up barbed-wire barricades, and backed the police, thus drawing his own share of adverse criticism. At the same time about ten divisions of E.L.A.S. revolution hit the city.

The show should have been theirs, but it wasn't. History says they missed by a matter of minutes—but I'm here to add that they made a pretty thorough mess of what had promised to be my best Christmas since 1939.

Everything went crazy. I went down to the Regent Hotel at the corner of Omonia Square without first checking with headquarters. It seemed important at the time—I'd left a message some holiday and a portable typewriter there. The way there I've straight down University Street, which would correspond with Pitt Street, Sydney, or Collins Street Melbourne.

Firemen moved at a jog-trot, their hands held shoulder-high. Soldiers went cautiously, rifle or Thompson at the ready. At every intersection everybody stopped on speed and shot across. I was a bit slow on the first one, and a rifle-bullet cracked the back behind me. After that I was much faster.

Town near Omonia Square it was extremely odd. A Brown-gun shimmered at the distance. Machine-guns roared the perimeter, in front of the Regent an overturned British truck burned furiously.

Another truck came up, backed cautiously up an intersection near where I was standing, and began to turn. I began to cross behind it. A ruddy-faced Tommy leaped out of the back and said "Stop, sir—it ain't too good..."

I saw the cloth of his general's flak

up where the bullet hit him. He was close enough for me to push him and knock the force of his fall—but it didn't matter much to him. I often wonder what that man was trying to say. I think it might have been a suggestion that the vicinity of the Regent wasn't healthy, anyway, that's the advice I followed.

British Athens consisted of a city block—the Grande Bretagne, the King George V Hotel, and the Thonon Building. Early in Christmas week, ELAAS brought up some artillery and opened an uneven but fairly accurate fire on the block.

Fortunately the enemy guns were only Italian 85 mm. mountain pieces, with rather unreliable ammunition, but the general effect was far from pleasant. A troop of British 24-pounders, posted in Syntagma Square, just behind the hotel, opened fire in return.

No Christmas in Europe is complete, of course, without snow. No snow fell in Athens that December, but the enemy shelling provided the city with a queer substitute.

Before the Germans left, they had managed to wreck the Greek currency. The drachma wilted to the value of the post-World War I German mark. The price of a newspaper rose until it was 50,000,000 drachmas—and then every semblance of a money system fell apart.

But a lot of papers were sold at 50,000,000 drachms each, and they were sold from the many newspaper kiosks which line University Street. People bought a paper with a little stock of notes, each with a face value of 500,000 drachms.

Then the money became so worthless nobody wanted it much even without shelling, and the deserted kiosks were stacked with the stuff. When the ELAAS shells bombed the kiosks over, the air was filled with a green.

swirling mass of high-discrimination notes.

On Christmas Eve we had a party. The ballroom was shrouded in misty troops, and a ragged band made music. Somewhere along the line all war correspondents had been unceremoniously thrown out of what was termed the Fortress But but for this special night our privileges were graciously restored — provided we were the guests of some officer.

We had no talk until a full column extended on his central position. He was a fine appearing fellow, unimpaired in his shoulder-shouldered uniform. His name was Pope and his sobriety was in the army of Soviet Russia. Pope had been deep in ELAAS Greece until a week before the blow-up, since when he had been in the Grande Bretagne—no nobody could blame him, could they?

Anyway, we went into the bar then into the ballroom. The music played, and the dances twirled, only going consistently at the high-speed glass roof from which a few splinters dripped. Outside, the shells still dropped, but concern was hard to think now.

There was only one little unpleasantness. At midnight we stood intemperately while the band played the national anthems of everyone in the room—everyone, that is except Colonel Pope and his side. They stood impassively at attention, then turned back to their drinks, with every eye on them in silent speculation.

Later, the column turned to the stage of doing one of those high kicking Canoco dances. He had a fine singing voice, too, and I can vaguely remember a group of us, including some Americans and two British majors, making a better-than-jot of the "White Swansong."

A good fellow, Pope — I wonder

where he is now. Later still, somebody took the fire but Christmas was from the middle of the dance floor and passed it through the wide-screen of the Mercedes-Benz belonging to the Soviet Ambassador. I don't think it was Pope.

Some of us still had hangovers when we reported at the usual noon conference the following morning. Intelligence had saved us as it seems that at the height of the hostility a party of African swimmers who were devoted ELAAS supporters had been taking a party of their own. They had made a raft, stashed it with explosives, and were badly exposed in floating it down the river towards the British ballroom when they were intercepted by a British patrol.

What a beautiful little Christmas

present that would have been for the revolution! The whole Greek cabinet, the entire British staff, not a flock of infatuated sporty party-on-the-glacier boys! But this was only part of a bag which would have made Gay Fawkes himself turn green with envy.

A distinguished visitor had been due at that Christmas Eve party, but his plane was delayed a day due to something that cropped up in Italy. He landed in Athens on Christmas Day, squeezed his talk into an unceremonious vehicle, and ran the usual gauntlet of rifle-fire into Athens.

I now have arrived at the Grande Bretagne, puffing his cigar and grinning at his own supercilious wop. Fellow called Churchill.



ALL in MY HOUSE is YOURS

LESTER MAY



When it comes to hospitality these natives are second to none.

▲ **LEONET HERBY RAUTE** was an upright Belgian. It is not entirely clear why he was wandering on the coast of West Africa in 1913, but his own report of the voyage shows that he was well-to-do, he was in his early thirties, and he had a wife in Belgium. He loved and respected his wife. The reticence concerning his purposes in Africa could mean that he was on a secret mission for his government, probably he was a geologist seeking valuable minerals.

Raute arrived in the territory of the Kruzens tribe, at the same time as the seasonal rains, which halted

him. The pounding torrent would go on for a month or more, and his camp equipment wouldn't keep it out. Besides, he needed fresh food to supplement his hard ration. He decided to seek the hospitality of the Kruzens tribesmen, whom his native guide assured him were friendly.

He entered a village hopefully. It had thatched huts that looked weather-proof, its appearance was orderly, and it didn't stink. It seemed good to Raute. The people were well-built, clean-looking, not hostile.

The chief of the village came forward. Albert's interpreter explained

that they wanted refuge from the rain; that they were depending on Kruzens hospitality. The chief replied that the village was honored, that the stranger who came in from-lance must share his house and all that he possessed.

He led Raute and the interpreter to his hut, a large hut, clean and comfortable. Drinking water was of the purest kind, and these women were busy preparing food.

A short, plump woman of about forty, Raute estimated, wore a bright smile and a girlish. She had mischievous eyes lighting up her black face. Raute lay was a girl of twelve or thirteen, a child in years, but with full womanhood awareness. Their apparently to any with eyes to see, which Albert Raute had, but didn't see, and a woman as tall as the chief, slender as a fawn, graceful and elegant.

The Belgian offered the usual gifts. He doesn't say what, but they were received with great satisfaction. They accepted, and the women brought food. Whatever the food was, Raute was urged into eating more than he wanted.

He gave a sign to his host. They walked in silence, and the interpreter gave directions. The chief called the women to him, and they came with downcast eyes. Even so, there was a curl to their lips, and during silence at Raute desired the modesty of their pose. They stood side by side, a few feet from Raute—the white girl, the plump little wife, and the little beauty. Each had a different appeal, each was splendid in her native.

The host spoke to the interpreter, who turned himself and informed Raute, "The chief says, it is time to sleep now. You share the woman you want to be your companion."

The Belgian sat silent and still.

The girls stood before him and waited. No one knows what they were thinking, but Raute wrote that in his mind there was shame, nothing but shame. His girls had been misunderstood, they had been accepted as a price he was offering in a betrothal he intended.

Other white men must have corrupted these natives, must have made similar deals with this chief. And the man was offering his own wife, his young daughter—

But anger rushed up, smothering his shame. "I didn't come here to insult you!" he shouted. "What I gave were gifts! They were given freely!"

The interpreter was plainly baffled and alarmed. He gestured as he tried to explain. The chief looked puzzled, the pretty wife and young daughter at Raute, and the host and interpreter departed hastily.

Hopefully at last, the interpreter turned back to Raute. "The chief, he says his betrothed must meet there at his hut. He wants as other women, only them. He is very much sorry that they are not good enough for so great a man, but . . ."

"Yes, but?" Raute stormed. "Why didn't you tell him what I said? I need his hospitality, and wish to stay in his hut till the rain stops, but I do not bring shame for his family."

After many indignant exchanges, Raute was forced to see that the pleasing bodies being offered him were not being sold. They were part of Kruzens hospitality, which literally shared all, with no exceptions. There was no shame in it, no humiliation.

On the contrary, the tribesmen who welcomed a guest to his house and did not share his women, as well as his food, would bring disgrace on the whole tribe; just as a guest who refused such an offer embarrassed his

ON the left, the author, with the Sadhus, the most extraordinary and supernatural powers.



CAN CURSES KILL YOU?

ALBERT A. BRANDT

IN September, 1933, the police of Karachi, India, conducted an amazing experiment. They deliberately challenged the power of a Sadhu—a member of a mysterious sect whose adherents claim supernatural powers—to kill a human being by "one puff of his breath."

They lost.

For several years, this particular Sadhu had been causing trouble. Devised in the white robes of his sect, he set up business as a mendicant in an alcove of one of Karachi's largest Hindu temples. This in itself was unusual, for ordinarily the Sadhus roam from village to village, sub-

sisting, if need be, on charity but also performing many good works, such as healing by the power of will.

This Sadhu, however, seemed bent on wrecking evil. When worshippers refused to give him alms, he cursed them, and gradually the rumour spread that his curses always were fulfilled. For example, in August, 1931, he accosted a seven-months pregnant woman with a demand for some of the rice she was carrying in a small bag. When she haughtily refused, he fixed glittering black eyes upon her and bawled: "Woman, go home. To-night you will bear your child, a male child. But it will be

born dead because I have cursed it."

The woman failed to obey the instructions, but continued on a tour of the markets. Within an hour, labour pains set in. She summoned a doctor, and was driven home. A few moments after she got up, she was delivered of a stillborn male baby.

Obviously, either this wicked Sadhu has tremendous ability in electrical diagnosis—being able to predict a premature delivery before the woman herself felt the first pain—or he could compel the women to go into labour through the exercise of some mysterious thought-force.

Whichever it was, his power was close to marvellous.

Over a span of two years this Sadhu placed literally scores of curses on persons who offended him. His reputation spread until very few people dared to give him alms. However, certain persons who were not superstitious deliberately went out of their way to affront him, some of them even spitting on him.

These—and there were no less than six—the Sadhu killed by "one puff of his breath." He breathed at them through his hands, and they either dropped dead instantly or at a later time the Sadhu specifically designated in attacking his enemy.

The police finally decided to investigate. They brought the Sadhu to Karachi police headquarters, and asked him if it were true that he could kill by curses.

"Yes, it is true," the Sadhu admitted calmly.

"Well, then," the police said, "you had better prove it or we will put you in prison as a fraud and a public nuisance. Kill somebody or go to jail."

"Who will offer himself?" the Sadhu asked calmly. A Brahmin priest of excellent education, who

had no belief in the so-called supernatural powers of the Sadhus, volunteered.

"Stand close to me," the Sadhu directed. The priest did so. The Sadhu turned a finger at his head and breathed through this finger into the priest's face. "Die," he said. The priest gasped, slumped at his desk, staggered and fell dead.

This incident was very widely publicized at the time. The Karachi police could do nothing to the Sadhu, for no laws covered murder by supernatural means. They did, however, ask him to leave the city, and he complied.

The Sadhus are the most mysterious and certainly the most feared of the Great's multitudinous sects. Compared to them, the fakirs are tame types.

There are very few adept Sadhus, probably no more than 10,000. They worship no idols, have no temples of their own, and profess allegiance only to a universal wand they refer to as "Bai" or "The True One."

They purb themselves entirely in white, wear no cosmetics or jewelry, keep their hair cropped short, and shaven down except tobacco, alcohol and meat. All their energies are concentrated in their mental power.

Many of the Sadhus are wealthy, and beggary as a matter of fact, is only permitted for the benefit of the poor. But some Sadhus, like the one mentioned at the start of this article, abuse this rule and their powers as well.

Just how powerful are Sadhu curses? Fortunately, several well-documented cases have been published recently, so we can draw our own conclusions.

In October, 1933, for example, the London "Herald" published a story involving no less a personage than Mr. A. N. Sany, Under Secretary of

LOCAL garden in the Swiss Alps are expected to exhibit an artistic collaboration for the sake of snow-clad sights and towering peaks. One such resort came from the Basle district, however, recently exceeded the degree of imagination that nature demands. "Be careful not to fall here," he warned an American tourist, "because it's really dangerous. But if you do fall, remember to look to the right. The view is extraordinary."

The Indian Ministry of Agriculture, and his daughter, Virena.

A newspaper had called at the Berry house in New Delhi and asked Virena for news. Mr. Berry also came to the door and ordered the man to leave, adding that the Sadhu was a charlatan.

"A charlatan?" the Sadhu inquired. "Then how is my cause? Your house will be plagued by fire until you admit my power."

The next day several small fires

started spontaneously in various rooms of the house. Day after day this went on. The family and servants were kept busy detecting and putting out fires.

The man who was reported to the police, but the Sadhu could not be located. It was impossible to live in the house, and Mr. Berry finally moved his family into a hotel. The fire promptly ceased.

A few days later, Mr. Berry and his daughter returned to the house. Suddenly flames sprang up from the stone floor where the girl was standing and her gown was smothered in fire.

When Mr. Berry noticed an extraordinary display, his daughter's garment was ablaze, but there was no damage to the floor and the flames were out. He rushed her out of the house and the flames ceased, both girl and dress were unscathed.

Now Mr. Berry admitted he was defeated. He notified Sadhuji living in New Delhi that if they would pass word along to their colleagues to renounce the cause, he would admit the man's power and also give him an envelope of money for the price.

A few days later the Sadhu appeared at the door, accepted the envelope without a word and walked away. There have been no more fires.

was first at the Berry home alone.

Many Sadhus were told about the death. Death, apparently, is preserved for supreme results. In an amazing instance related by Mr. J. McGarr, formerly superintendent of the railway station at Bangalore, about 40 miles from Calcutta, a railway ticket collector was the victim of a cold but amazing cure.

It appears that a Sadhu had boarded a train without a ticket, and had no money to pay his fare. The ticket collector ordered him to leave the train at the next station.

As the Sadhu left the train, he said to the ticket collector "You have misinterpreted a Sadhu. You will be punished. You will be struck dumb from this moment until your prayers will bring a male child."

He closed the door and the train started. Then the ticket collector noticed that, although he felt the laughter, he could produce no sound with his mouth. He tried to speak and no words came forth.

It struck him then "How did that man know that my wife was pregnant at even that I have a wife?"

Three weeks later, the ticket collector's wife was delivered of a boy. At the same moment, her husband was able to utter the first word he had spoken since the instant the Sadhu had cursed him.

This case is very famous, and it is attested by the railway doctors and other physicians who examined the ticket collector during the time he was mute, and could find nothing wrong with him—except that he couldn't produce a sound with his mouth.

Do the Sadhus have supernatural powers? Apparently the British Government appears to believe so. Many years ago, according to present legend, a Sadhu while visiting Calcutta was offended by an Englishman. Guilted at the great risk forever, whose penalties have long been abolished by a tribe of apes, the Sadhu pronounced a curse: "The day there is no ape on Gibraltar, the British Empire will lose your fortress."

Since then Britain has seen to it that there are always apes on Gibraltar. During World War II, when the ape population of the Rock dwindled alarmingly, apes were brought over especially from Africa.

As a matter of fact, even since the Sadhu uttered his famous curse, the British Government has maintained a special officer on Gibraltar with a very unusual title—"Officer in Charge of Apes." His sole duty is to feed the apes and make sure the day will never come when there are no apes on Gibraltar.



girl with TWO BODIES



Severus

HERMANN VOLK

Science has never explained why pretty schoolteacher Emile Segot appeared before many people with her ghost walking beside her.

LIKE many other French girls, Emile Segot was a pretty, brown-eyed brunette. She had a snappy little nose and a shape to match. As far as outward appearance went, she was a typical young schoolteacher.

There was, however, a certain "something" about Emile that set her apart.

That "something" was not easily visible. In fact, it was not at all apparent when she applied for a job as a governess at the exclusive girls' school, the Pensionnat Neuwinkel, in Valenciennes, France, several a hundred

years ago and so made psychic history.

The school director, who carefully looked her over, saw nothing more than a very attractive and capable-looking young lady in her twenties, whose references said she had been born in Dijon, France, on October 20, 1887. The references went on to state that Emile Segot was an excellent teacher of elementary arithmetic, and that children liked her very much.

The writers of the references had probably thought a good deal of Emile, for they had helpfully refrained from mentioning why she

had been fired from her last job, or from ten or fifteen other jobs before that. Then again, perhaps they didn't mention it because they felt that no one would believe them anyway.

So it resulted that the director of the famous girls school saw nothing at all wrong with Emile, and hired her on the spot.

The girl thanked them profusely, for she badly needed a job. She had been married in Dijon at the age of 16, but her husband had run away from her six months later. She never married again, and therefore could depend on no one but herself for a living.

According to the school records which are still available, everything went along quite satisfactorily for three or four months—as far as the new governess was concerned, at least. Then, on May 3, 1940, the first of a really weird series of events took place.

On that May afternoon in 1940, a 26-year-old girl was hurrying through the corridor of the Pensionnat Neuwinkel in the direction of the arithmetic class when she saw Miss Segot, herself, coming out of the door of the room. The teacher smiled, told the girl to hurry or she'd waste the first problem of the day, then went down the hall away from the room.

The girl quickly entered the door, thankful that she hadn't been scolded for being late, and vaguely wondered why the teacher was leaving arithmetic class. No answer was there inside the room, however, when she peeped. There was Miss Segot seated up near the blackboard!

Not only that, but the very teacher who only a second ago had smiled and told her to hurry, was now frowning and saying she'd report her to her parents if she ever came in late again.

The little girl staggered some-

thing about seeing Madame seated just leave the room, and how did she get back so soon? The other children laughed at this, and the girl quickly dropped the subject. She didn't want to be the laughing stock by asserting that she had seen something which was obviously impossible to see.

It was about three weeks later, while the children were attending sewing class in the large Assembly Room, that the 13-year-old girl got her chance to have the last laugh.

This room had French windows opening into the garden. And as the girls peered away with their needles, a few of them noticed Miss Segot near the garden and began to peek flowers. Nothing was unusual about this, of course—at least not until the governess who was teaching the sewing class got up and left the room.

Then most of the children turned their eyes toward the garden and began to watch and make comments about the flower pecker. Suddenly it was noticed that her whole manner seemed in change. Where before she had been quite vivacious in her movements, she now seemed to be moving slowly, as if in a trance.

At almost the same instant the girls were startled to find that the chair had vacated by the sewing teacher was taken over—by Miss Segot! They looked into the garden and there they saw her. They looked at the chair in front of them, and there they saw her, also. There were two Miss Segots!

The girls before them seemed almost dazed—like in a dream. It didn't say a word, but just stood at the other Miss Segot in the garden.

After several minutes, the sewing teacher was heard coming back. Then, just as suddenly as she had appeared, the second Miss Segot vanished into nothingness.

A N almost world recently learned that the Japanese had put on the market a pernicious favorite concoction which they claimed was as good as the best Scotch whisky. They labelled and peddled it through the Grand as genuine Scotch. The Scots, of course, heard the news, but took it calmly. What sent them in a wild fury was the later information that the phony labels showed "Made in Scotland, England."

The excited children of course told the sewing teacher exactly what had happened. The lady looked into the curtain and saw Emile Sagne picking flowers—quite innocently, as usual—and, thinking the girls were trying to make a fool of her, told them to get back to their stitching and to stop the nonsense.

The girls obeyed, but soon there was even more talk among them about Mlle Sagne's mysterious "bein."

By now the pretty brunette's "bein" seemed to be getting more familiar with her surroundings, and had evidently made up her mind to stay. She was seen more frequently about the place.

It happened while Emile, teaching class, was doing an arithmetic problem on the blackboard. All at once her double appeared again, right next to her. As Emile wrote on the board, the unseen entity held her every gesture, only without actually writing itself. This continued for some seconds before one of the girls

loosed her tongue and, pointing vigorously at the second Emile, cried out for the original Emile's attention.

The French governess turned, saw what was afoot to her, and flouted dead away. As she did so, the image disappeared right before the pupils' eyes.

Another governess was called to take care of the unbecoming arithmetic teacher. And soon several more came, helping to the girls all trying to tell the story at once. Even more most of the teachers and directors thought the whole thing might be just some complicated schoolyard prank—which had caused Emile to pass out—and they thought each and every child with severe punishment as soon as they learned what had happened.

As for the story of the "bein," they more or less ignored it—it was so ridiculous.

They could not, however, ignore the fact that the girls had begun to write home about the strange Mlle Sagne, and parents were beginning to write back to the directors, threatening to withdraw their daughters from the school if something wasn't done about these queer goings on.

As a result of such complaints, the pretty French governess was called before a meeting of the Board of Directors—the same men who had hired her. She was told by them that she would either have to give some "bein" and "showing"—explanation of her "bein," or she would have to resign immediately.

Upon hearing that she had no recourse but to tell the truth, Emile Sagne broke down and cried. She was so shocked with grief that it was many minutes before she could sob out a coherent story.

Everything the children had said was true, she wept. She had seen a ghostly "bein," and it had already cost her almost a dozen jobs. She had learned how to protect this image from her body at a very early age, but had never learned how to keep it from projecting itself at moments when it was best for her interests that it not be seen. And because she was unable to control it, she just couldn't promise that it wouldn't come to plague her people again.

The directors of the school were quite astounded by the phenomenon, but it was an age when a number of other queer happenings had been reported throughout Europe, and as Emile wasn't branded up and turned off to a "madhouse yet," where she and her ghost could pass the time with people who thought they were Napoleon and the like.

Instead, all they asked was that—as proof as they regarded having to part with such a good teacher and governess—she pack up her things and leave as soon as possible.

By now Emile had ceased crying. She was resigned to her strange fate. She thanked everyone for the pleasant time she'd had at the school, before the trouble began, and left to pack her small bag of belongings. Her bundle was also, and so well-thought had she been, that the directors decided to give a small party for her before she left.

Rather through a whim of Emile's double, or because Emile herself wanted to prove that what she'd told them had not been due to a weakness in the head, the guests at the party all had a chance to see for themselves the burden that plagued her life.

It happened when the meal was almost over. Out of nowhere the second Emile appeared, to stand next to the seated one and, despite

being every minute she made in the presence of others.

The guests—directors and governesses seated at the apparatus, over a bit as dumbfounded as the children had been. Some blushed themselves, and one—the one who later wrote a complete, documented report of the case—went up to touch the figure. Like the girl in the sewing class, she also tried it to be self—"something like chemically" in texture.

When dinner was finally over, and Emile started to leave the room, the image gradually faded from existence.

That was the last recorded appearance of Emile Sagne's supernatural double. As far as is known, no attempt was made to follow her career after she left Lorient. Trans-portion and communication being what it was in those days, the French newspaper director who wrote about Emile was content just to describe the occurrences at school, and did not proceed to France for further information on the girl's history.

It is pretty curious, however, that Emile returned to her native Lorient and stayed with an aunt for the rest of her life, which was a fairly short one. The books in the church at Lorient state that she died on November 1, 1861.



The Indian climate often plays tricks with the faithfulness of bored wives—as Edward Fullam found to his cost.

IRVIN McDONALD



the MEMSAHIB was a POISONER

EDWARD FULLAM was a typical Indian civil servant. The son of a surgeon in the Indian Medical Service, he held the position of Assistant Secretary of Military Awards in the Department of Mysore.

At home in England he would have been a clerk, but like others in a career intent on beating the white man's barrier, he played in the rather important ascending tide. He was a figure in the dull official society of Mysore.

Fullam was a quiet man with quiet tastes. He would probably have been

out his morning in a comfortable retirement in England, if he had not made the mistake of marrying a delicate, vivacious woman nine years his junior.

Mrs Augusta Fairfield Fullam was a neat, complex character—murderous, religious and miserably romantic. Blue-eyed, with brown hair, and a tall brown figure, she was almost the direct physical opposite of her slight and sickly husband. For some years, however, their marriage was happy, and they lived quietly at Mysore with their three children.

In 1909—when she was thirty-five and her husband forty-four—she fell in love with a married man, Lieutenant Henry Lovell William Clark, an officer with European blood in the Indian Subcontinent Medical Service.

A clandestine affair developed and continued uninterrupted for some months—and Fullam noticed the Lieutenant leaving his wife outside her bedroom door in the early hours of the morning.

Augusta managed to satisfy him that the affair was harmless. A little later Clark was transferred to Agra, and Fullam forgot the incident.

It was at the time of this unforced suggestion that the idea of murder first began to exercise the minds of the couple pair. They wrote regular and lengthy letters to one another, and by degrees the suggestion of poison saturated itself into the correspondence.

In April, 1911, Clark sent Augusta a supply of arsenic, with instructions how to administer it—which she promptly did—in her husband's tea.

The unfortunate Fullam was daily sick, but suspecting ordinary food poisoning he went away for a holiday and recovered. When he returned home, however, the attacks began again.

Fullam seemed to be unaware from the doses of arsenic that his wife was daily administering to him in his food. In desperation the lovers decided on a bolder approach. Clark made up a medicine strongly impregnated with arsenic, which was to be given to the sick man as a "cure."

It was a fatal Augusta who wrote a few days later to say that her husband had been taken to hospital and was not expected to live. Then, in sadness, she wrote the next day: "I have a great disappointment in store for you, my husband is not going to

live. You'll have to send more poison."

As soon as he came home, more arsenic was administered, and again Fullam returned to hospital. Again he was discharged, but this time the Department authorities decided that the Indian climate was too much for his broken health. He was told he was to be retired.

The long course of poisoning had indeed reached the unfortunate man mentally and physically, broken at taking ship back to England, he allowed himself to be persuaded by his wife to take a house in Agra.

By this time Augusta was in the last stages of desperation. She decided to give her husband one last dread, stem dose in the soup. It killed Fullam, and Clark added a hypodermic syringe of arsenical solution to his veins, just to make sure.

The dead man was duly buried. While society in Agra and Mysore suspected a lot, but said nothing. Perhaps it had been best stroke that earned the poor fellow off, after all.

The widow kept her house at Agra, and was visited constantly by her giddy lover. The pair had crossed their feet bravely. Now there remained only one more—like Clark.

This lady—like her husband—was a European, a former hospital nurse. Clark's first attempt to do away with her was with poison, which failed when the servant he had bribed to administering the poisons handed them over to his mistress.

Like Mrs. Fullam, Mrs. Clark had three children. Although she now knew that her husband had made up his mind to kill her, she seemed to have done nothing about it—except perhaps watch her food.

In fact, although Clark was ready enough to murder Fullam, he shrank from killing his wife. He told Augusta so, pointing out that it was difficult to poison an ex-nupte.

THE BENEFICIAL INFLUENCE OF A MODERN INVENTION

How to take the scolding note out of a voice that was so sweet is the problem faced by many a man who fell (but hard!) for a figure head.

Whose eyes seemed off to tiny feet and ankles slim and shapely legs.

Whose eyes were always keen to greet their lovely owner—to the dress!

He drank her beauty, loved her voice, listened to each word she'd say.

In its magic he'd repeat, longed to hear it night and day, But through the years its changing tone took on a scolding, harsher sound.

Till he felt regret's sharp teeth biting in the life he'd found
Till he wondered long and oft how to end the scolding tone—
And found it vanished magically—when she used the telephone!

—RX-BXX

After one more unsuccessful rescue attempt, Augusta got her remittance card to work. She drew up a plan that was so impractical that it eventually ruined them both.

She suggested that Clark hire a band of assassins to kill his wife at home and make the attack with burglary, which he himself established as their specialty.

The great scheme was put into operation. Three professional murderers were recruited from the native district of the city. On the evening of November 14, 1911, Clark told his wife and family that he had to go to the railway station. He warned them to be careful because there were thieves about.

Clark strolled nonchalantly away from his home to give the waiting murderers their chance. But when he returned at one o'clock, expecting the door to be closed, it looked as if

his wife was going to be as hard to kill as Pullman had been. He found his gang of desperadoes huddled up in the yard by her back terrace, too frightened to enter the house.

Clark's desperate mind was made up. There was to be no turning back now. He himself entered the house, took a shot from his bed and wrapped it round the head of the dog, which he afterwards locked up. Then he started his covering servants to action, and strolled back to the railway station.

The assassins entered the room where Miss Clark and one of her daughters slept. They split the sleeping woman's skull with a waddy, ransacked the room to leave the appearance of a burglary, and departed.

Quickly summoned doctors from the hospital found the woman still alive, but she died next day. The whole affair had been handled so master-

fully, and Clark's request to police questions were so unsatisfactory, that his arrest followed almost as a matter of course.

He could give no sound reason for his long absence at the railway station, while the dog snuffed with a shot from his bed was discovered still locked in an entrance.

The police, like other white residents, had heard the unnecessary runners linking Clark with Mrs. Pullman. They decided to search his house. And here they found the most damning proof of all, Clark's bedroom.

Opened, it revealed all her lengthy passionate letters to him, nearly dead. Each was a document of guilty love and murder. She, too, was arrested, and her husband's body exhumed.

In February, 1912, the pair of lovers, and their Arizona accomplices, were tried at Alhambra. The woman's last-ditch-detailed step by step the long poisoning of Pullman, and movements to the murder of Mrs. Clark—were

evidence that could not be denied. Augusta Fairfield Pullman and Henry Lovell William Clark were condemned to death.

At the late hour it was Clark who indirectly saved Augusta from the gallows. She was already in child to him, and accordingly she received the clemency of the law. Her sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. Clark was duly hanged.

Mrs. Pullman was a strange creature, as her letters show. When planning the murder of her husband, she referred to herself and her actions in terms that suggested she had little, if any, guilt complex.

At her trial she asserted that she was under Clark's influence, but put the opposite stress to have been the case. One final condemnation must be drawn—that she was cold blooded in all but the passion of sex.

She gave birth to her child in prison, but lived only to serve a year of her sentence.



the WOOF WOOF man



JAMES HOLLISTER

How Daddy Browning led the American headlines in the wild 1930's with his amorous adventures and unconventional wooing of glump, pretty "Peaches."

AMERICAN sensational journalism has featured many curious characters to titillate the public with antics unconventional. None, however, provided a better show than a tall, distinguished-looking, middle-aged New York real estate broker, Edward West Browning, better known as "Daddy" Browning and "The Wood Men."

He hit the headlines in the 1930's and stayed there until his death in 1961. Present-day publicity awarded Town of Lake, Shepherd Knut, and Santa his Banana Kelly dancer from the land of the Nile, is small beer

asked to the red-hot resolutions once started about the demise of Browning the most strangely amorous man about our town.

Born in 1878, Browning devoted the first 40 years of his life to piling up the millions that later enabled him to gratify his varied whims.

In appearance he was quite handsome, with an upright, taut figure, abundant gray hair parted in the middle and a ruddy healthiness in his smooth, clear skin. The effect, however, was spoiled by his drooping animal mouth and flowered clothes—flowered and coloured waist-

coat, starting hat and accessories such as having 39 buttons on his coat sleeves.

In 1915 he married a beautiful blonde film star in his office. For her, on top of a New York apartment building, he constructed "a country estate."

"I wanted to do something different," he told reporters as he showed them round when it was finished. "I wanted to do something that no one else had done. I wanted a home like no other home in the world."

No one can say he did not succeed. The Browning home was unique.

It was crisscrossed with hundreds of huge beams, spiders, dogs, dogs, turtles and dragons, all equipped with electric eyes that worked on and off.

Everywhere in this bizarre post-humous mansion were spraying fountains, illuminated with hundreds of coloured lights. The walls of its 60-odd rooms were done in heavy embossed gold leafing, and featured with carved battle scenes and apes and grinning pantheons.

In 1928 Browning divorced the wife he had married eight years before. To attract his loneliness, he decided to adopt a young girl and devote his life and money to her upbringing.

Accordingly, he inserted the following advertisement in the New York papers:

"Adoption—Pretty refined girl, about 14 years old, wanted by aristocratic family of large wealth and highest standing, will be brought up as own child in beautiful surroundings, with every desirable luxury."

Within a week, 15,000 letters from eager hopeful girls or ambitious mothers poured in. After long consideration, Browning chose—and signed adoption papers for—a pretty, slim-faced, little immigrant lass named Mary Louise Ryan.

He interviewed reporters with the

girl, posed for photographs, and handed out five gold cigarette cases as mementoes of the occasion. Mary Louise, to exploding flashlights, threw her arms around his neck and called him "Darling Daddy."

For several days, all went well with "Daddy" Browning, as the papers far-over after dubbed him, and his adopted daughter. He took her on ecstatic shopping sprees. They went dining, dancing and riding around town in his sky-blue Rolls Royce.

Then a shrewd reporter, who went rummaging in the records of the New York Board of Education, broke a story that Mary Louise Ryan was not a 14-year-old schoolgirl—but a well-known young woman of 21.

Almost simultaneously Mary Louise flounced out of Browning's parlours "society white." She proceeded to slip a half-million dollar damage suit on her "Darling Daddy." The reason was certain statements which, she said, he had attempted to borrow on her and which were far from friendly.

Browning bitterly announced: "I wish my hands of her. It's always the way when you try to help people—they bang on you." He had the adoption voided and settled the claims out of court.

The balladists had barely settled down before "Daddy" Browning was back on the front pages with an even juicier episode.

Early in 1930, at a high school dance in a New York suburb, he met, and fell head over heels in love with, a glump, beautiful, but rather heavy-lidded blonde pupil named Frances Houston.

"Daddy" immediately gave her the pet name of "Peaches."

He visited the girl's mother and obtained her permission to an engagement—and a marriage when the girl turned 18. Meanwhile "Peaches" was in confusion at school, to which

THE END OF

Arguments



Where is the deepest deep?

Finding the deepest hole in the world is a favorite game with natural scientists. Cape Johnson Deep, off Borneo Strait, in the Philippines (14,440 feet), held the record for only a short time after its recent discovery by United States geographers. Britain has now come up with a better one. H.M.S. Challenger, working near Guam, reported finding bottom at 35,540 feet, almost seven miles. The spot will be known as Challenger Deep. A lead weight of 140 pounds, lowered on a steel wire, took 14 minutes to strike bottom. Another method of verification was to get off explosive charges in the water, operators timing the echoes with hydrophones after they bounced back up from the bottom.

What is multiple sclerosis?

This chronic disease of young adults in the 20-40 age group is increasingly in the news lately, but as yet little is known of it. It is caused by destruction of the myelin sheath covering the nerve fibers, which interferes with the passage of nerve impulses. The victim's walk, speech and sight become affected. As a result, he often exhibits symptoms that could be mistaken for those of drunkenness, or even gastric paralysis. Often, however, there are few outward signs of its presence. The person afflicted may seem in brilliant good health, "but this appearance of well-being may be hiding an invisible agent that is destroying

the nervous system and may eventually render him helpless." Latest estimates of the incidence of multiple sclerosis in America place the number of victims as high as 23,000.

Who makes gamblers?

Researchers at the University of Chicago, according to a report in the "Bulletin of Mathematical Biophysics," have concluded that gamblers come in four main types. The first, and most numerous, are merely interested in a big win, irrespective of the odds against them. The greater the amount to be won, the more they disregard the element of risk. They are generally the buyers of lottery tickets. The second type of gambler is the one who most frequently makes chance his profession. He studies odds and balances the risks against the returns and the chances of making a killing. Naturally he makes the best poker player. The third type may be classified as professional. He bets for the thrill, and is uninterested in the odds or the size of his possible winnings. This type is generally to be seen feeding tokens into slot machines. The fourth type of gambler is the exact opposite of the third type. He does not consider himself a gambler at all, and only wagers on what he considers to be a sure thing. Unfortunately, the sure thing sometimes blows up in his face—for example, when he has been trapped into betting on what he believes is a fixed race by confidence men.

THAT PARIS LOOK



The Paris look is one of the commonest exhibitions of civilized man. He acts, roughly, smiling and relaxed. More symbolic of its charm than anything else are the very first-hand, mother and grandfather. Remember. This quartet of three named "Jasmine d'Or" which the photographer captured at a street corner for the title "In The Paris Look" (Pretty Little Girl in your shoes just what we want).



Still on the trail of the sexy, bewitching mixtures for which the City of Light is renowned, our camera correspondents reported to the annual mannequin show at the Hotel de France, where are presented the latest bathing outfits. The fashion houses have divorced up. These two models captured the approval of the chief, who left her eyes for a closer view. Can you blame the man?



Here's a head example of the provocative, sultry accents of Paris. These two "young girls' bathgowns" if we've ever seen any are decked out in up-to-date aquatic beach style inspired by the "maquillage" volantes. We can tell you that women "flying around" but we can't even hazard a guess as to what is keeping them in the right place on the bewitching boulevards on the left.

Is the fair sex gradually gaining control of the world's governments and the power to rule men?



HOMER SHANNON

do women rule the world?

THE oldest known word in the world comes from the ancient Japanese. It defines a husband, and it is strikingly uncomplimentary.

Loosely translated, this age-old vocabulary puts the husband in his place as "He who is permitted to sleep in a lady's house by night."

No sleeping in the lady's house by daytime, notice—only by night. In the daytime the Japanese husband—even thousands years ago—was supposed to be working.

Working, moreover, at what the lady told him to do. Otherwise he

wouldn't be permitted to sleep in her house.

Notice, also, that the house was the lady's, and not the husband's. He was only a privileged guest. She could kick him out when she wanted to—and often did. The children inherited her name, not his. Property descended to the daughters, not the sons. Everything—including the right of final authority—belonged to the female sex, in the last analysis.

Ancient Japan was the first matriarchy of which we have concrete records. Males were reduced to the

position of workers, breeding devices and fixtures—when they were commanded to fight by their female superiors.

That is the story of history. The question now is, Is the Western world in danger of becoming a matriarchy? Is it, in fact, already one?

Unquestionably the ideal social structure is a compromise between patriarchy and matriarchy. Since a compromise was reached in the Western world during recent centuries—and continued in operation until the invention of the typewriter.

Until then women ruled the house. The women ruled the family group in every way: the men hunted, tilled, fished and fought. Often the women helped. Generally each discussed important problems with the other on a basis of equality until an agreement was reached.

Now much of that co-operation has gone by the board. For nearly three half a century women has been steadily encroaching on the sphere of her husband. Today she may be said to rule the world—in activity if not in consequence.

She has also become the most selfish, demanding, aggressive, vicious, frightened, ruthless (toward her own sex and men as well), unscrupulous and frustrated female in history.

Approximately 88 per cent of the money spent in the United States, for example, is spent by women, or is dictated out by them to be spent as they direct. The same applies to most other countries.

Due to the fact that the average white woman outlives her husband by an average of five years, the preponderance of property owned by women is now tremendous.

And this feminine control is increasing remorselessly. Adding to the business is life insurance, almost all

of which is bought and paid for by men. A very large percentage of it, however, will ultimately be paid in women.

Generally the modern women of the white countries is spoiled and self-centered. She is less feminine and less interested in men, less interested in husband, home and family than are women of eastern lands or of native races. She is also more expensive, more restless and bored, less spiritual and possesses less individuality.

White women are convinced that the first obligation of men is to please them. In other countries the first goal of women is to please men.

Regarding to this sort of criticism recently, a famous American woman writer put the blame on the male. She said that modern white men are losing their manhood. Consequently their wives are less real, demoralized, earthy less than native and adored women.

Of course, she was partly right. The male has largely given up his natural role as the leader and protector of his family. Instead it's the other way round.

That's the secret and truth the danger. How it's going to be done, finally I don't know, since things have gone so far—but we men should look our women off the pedestal where we placed them in the first place.

Let's concentrate more on being good leaders and companions for our wives and less on pawing them with "things." When necessary, let's put the masculine foot down—and hard.

The little Japanese may wonder, but she'll love it. Subconsciously she's known all along that Nature never intended the human race to be run as a matriarchy.

That's why she's been so miserable.

Crime Capsules

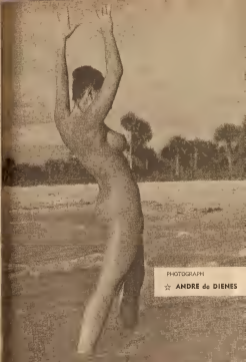


ON THE RUN . . .

Last year, 70 prisoners escaped from jails in England. Every one of them was recaptured in a few days, or, in some cases, hours. There are always men ready to gamble on a prison break, despite the fact that the dice are heavily loaded against them. With efficient methodical routine, the police give them little chance of remaining long at liberty. The escapee's description is circulated throughout the country; his house, house, relatives and friends are watched. Most of the hundreds of reports from persons who phone Scotland Yard to say they have seen the escapee as a bus, in a cafe or as a picture show, is painstakingly followed up. "The stream of shifting from one hideout to another, never staying in one place for more than a night or two reduces most of them to a pitiable plight," a C.I.D. officer recently told a reporter. "He is up against three things, altogether apart from the police, any one of which may cause his premature—premature as the part of a female associate, paying off all old scores by the underworld or a single slip-up by the escaped man himself." All of which seems to show that chasing these dogs is just not worth the bother. **DEATH PENALTY . . .**

It is a sobering thought, and one not generally realized, that there are

quite a few misdemeanors for whom the subject is legally liable to be called upon to undertake the long jump. In N.E.W. alone, for example, there are some crimes for which the death sentence may be imposed. They are murder, attempted murder, rape, sexually knowing a girl under ten, burglary with assault and intent to murder, robbery with wounding, setting fire to an inhabited house, setting fire to a ship, exploding a newspaper or destroying a train and thus endangering life, and hanging out false lights to cause shipwreck. In practice, however, the death penalty for many years has been reserved for murder and rape; and in the case of the latter, the penalty has always been commuted to imprisonment. Not since 1884 has anyone been executed for attempted murder. In that year two men were hanged for wounding four police in a shooting battle. Even for murder, due politically to political policy, few death sentences have been carried out—seven in N.E.W. in the last 35 years. The last person hanged in N.E.W. was John Tervor Kelly. He went to the gallows at Loner Bay on August 24, 1928, for the murder of Margaret Summerville. It is significant that in succeeding years, with the law providing a death penalty that is never carried out, murder charges have steadily increased.



PHOTOGRAPH

☆ ANDRE de DIENES

The mischievous bull's horns swept under Emerson. He tossed his head and flung his hind at the air.



WAL WATKINS • FICTION

RAMROD was grating in the saddle when Emerson came for him this day. Ramrod was old and battle-scarred, but he still knew how to buck.

The bull's hate was collected in the tiny black eyes. All his life he'd wanted to goot Emerson. As a calf, Emerson had teased him with the sharp steel rod. Now that it had been his ambition to give the man to death.

Emerson pulled his back around behind the bull and threw the stick-whip across his neck in a stinging blow. Ramrod snorted and red rage welled in him. He wanted to fling but the whip cut across his chest and he snorted again and reluctantly began trotting across the paddock.

Emerson drove him out on the road and down it to the green flats. The soundless roadworkers busy outside the fair gate stopped work and looked on their shovels to stare at the red bull.

Emerson let the bull through the wire gate and closed it again. Ramrod stood a few yards inside the fence, gazing at him hatefully. Then Emerson unbuckled the rod from his saddle and stepped through the fence. Ramrod snorted and pawed up the grass.

Ramrod let the man come to within a few feet of him. Then he threw down his great head and charged. Emerson stopped lightly aside and jolted him in the neck as he passed.

The bull bellowed and wheeled to charge again. Emerson waited, stepped aside again, and jolted the rod into an old scar on Ramrod's shoulder. Then, satisfied, he got back through the fence, leaving the enraged animal to paw at the ground and snort his annoyance.

Two miles down the line, the sweep of railway workers heard about Emerson and his bull, Ramrod. The men discussed it in the German, Latvian, and Russian tongues. A young New Australian by name of Fosse heard of it, and he was very interested.

He came one day on a market-bike, and he stood looking at the bull in the paddock. He was little and tall and very dark, and he dove back of curiously from the massive roadworkmen.

Ramrod swartered up from down the fence and Fosse walked to meet him, his eyes domotic and his heart thumping with contentment.

Ramrod stopped and stood motionless through the fence at this new man.

DAILY THE MAN GOADED THE BULL. THEN CAME RAMROD'S REVENGE.

RAMROD

CANALADGE December, 1932 27

**DOES IT MAKE YOU
WEALTHY, WEALTHY AND
WISE?**

"Thank to God, my boy,"
The solemn doctor said,
"And early up—the morning
you
"Of sunny bright and red
"Will give you strength." I
"Lung my head,
My weakened spirit took a
div
"So early, doc," I asked, "How
can
"A man be sure he is alive?"

—EX-REX

Franc smiled and leaned over the fence with his head outstretched. Ramon snorted and jumped towards him with a vicious upswing of his head.

Franc lifted his arm out of the way and walked back to the roadhouse.

"You be damn careful mate," said one, "That's Ramon!"

Franc smiled, "A big bull," he said in accented English. "I want to see Miss Emerson."

A watcher pointed up the road "Follow that road—road'll see his horse on the left."

Franc met Emerson some two miles up the road on his horse.

Emerson's eye rose when he'd heard Franc's morning inquiry. "No," he said briefly, "you want to see me first the bull."

Franc nodded eagerly. "Yes, Miss Emerson, Franc?"

"All right. You come down this way now. You follow me."

The cowboys stopped work and watched as the two men came back. Emerson took the red and climbed

through the fence. Franc's eyes were staring as the bull rushed. He watched Ramon pass Emerson four times, and by then the thing had left his eyes and he looked depressed.

Emerson got back through the fence and smiled at him. "There. What did you think of that?"

"Well," said Franc, still looking depressed, "I saw—what you say in English—disappointed."

"Disappointed," said Emerson, his face reddening. "Why?"

Franc spread his hands. "I hear there is man who fight bull in Australia. I come to see bull fight, like in Spain. But you are not good bull-fighter. In Spain the people would come and throw border at you."

With Emerson moving and speechless, Franc went to his sister Mike and brought forth a strip of planning steel. "See," he said, waving it with his knuckles. "The runner." He bowed slightly and smiled. "Can I Miss Emerson, dearheart? I will not hurt Ramon."

"He should," Emerson said steadily. "But I want you, you enter that feed-back at your own risk."

Franc smiled, bowed his thanks and climbed through the fence.

Ramon snorted and watched his approach. For the first time, another man had dared to challenge him.

Franc walked right up to within a yard of him, and stood there looking at him. "See now?" he called, keeping his eyes on Ramon's great head. "I show you the close pass that makes the punch snap."

Franc hit pocket then he dived out a wide red handkerchief, flung it out so that it spread and flared before Ramon's black eyes.

Then Ramon plunged into action. He hurled his great horns sweeping down and up to hit the man.

Franc pivoted, flung up his hand-

kerchief and allowing the horns to pass between it.

Ramon wheeled about, saw the small red cloth swirling again, and seemed as he jumped at it.

To the watchers that time, it seemed that the great horns had brushed the coat of Franc.

Again and again he drove the unguided bull into a following rush. Again and again, his dark eyes flashed fire, at his clever feet cleared him by inches. Until finally, Ramon stood trembling, with his head lowered and his breath wheezing—refusing to continue the frustrating fight against the clever man and his handkerchief.

"Ramon!" Franc called. "There now, the outsider would make his bid." He measured the bull's neck for an instant with the glowing rope, and backed off to the fence.

The backwashers broke from their stunned silence and started talking and laughing and clapping him on the back.

All eyes turned on Emerson, all eyes smiling whimsically, telling him how magnificent he was, telling him that he'd throw bottles at him in Spain.

He turned, his pride hurt as never before. He looked at Ramon, still swishing with his head lowered, and he heard the bull far not seeing Franc. Then he reached for his red.

He was through the fence and advancing on the malicious bull, before anyone was aware of his intention. He stopped a few feet from the lowered head and lifted the point of the red towards the great head. One quick thrust—between the horns and into the neck—steady saw.

The red was shaking as Emerson made his thrust. Doubt and fear had unseated him and the thrust was weak. He saw the point draw off the horse and he heard the gang from the watchers. Then Ramon's big horns

had swept under him and thrust him high in the air.

Franc was in there in a flash with the red handkerchief flaring between the bull and the fallen man. But Ramon gave no thought to it. The thundering charge was for the prize—the man whom he hated. In a few seconds it was over. The big cowboy lay there come down and was into the arena body.

He tossed his head and up went the body again, this time with blood pouring from a gaping wound. Then, red with the sight of blood, Ramon gathered together his falling strength and attacked Franc. Again and again he attacked the clever fight, again and again he missed his mark.

Until at last he could attack no more. He stood tired and weak and felt his front legs buckling. Slowly he began to sink down.

The flash of fire was in Franc's eyes as he approached the bull again. This was it! The bull had killed a man. This bull must die!

He stood close up, with the rope taut against his arm. His eyes measured a spot directly between the horns.

The rope did not waver as he flung the weight of his slender body behind the thrust. The rope ran in to its belt. Ramon died where he fell.

Then Franc, one true master of Spanish Fences, stamped swiftly and out the tips from the beast's ears. He placed the two heavy triangles carefully in his pocket, and walked quickly back to where the workmen were gathered about the corpse of a man.

"He might have been a great matador," he said in accented English, "if he had been born in Spain."

A roadworker looked up at him. "You might have something there, mate. But he was born in Australia, and here, he was a plain damn fool."

THE QUARRY IN THE TREETOP

LIFE WAS HARD IN THE WILD NEW ZEALAND-GUMFIELDS. BUT IT GREW HARDER FOR BIG MIROO WHEN HE TANGLED WITH RED MCGUIGAN.

D'ARCY MILAND • FICTION

I CAN tell you about Big Mike Aramovich. He was the man they frightened up a tree at Te Anahuri. I was up there on the paddocks then, and so were seventy others. It was in the thirties—bad times, bad men. A tough, gruff, hardfaced lot, not much good as the good times, worse in the bad. Flocks from all over the country, disillusioned by the hopeless misery of their own lives and sharing the melancholy blight of the depression.

Here they had come to battle for a living, digging for the great chunks of petrified gum, an heirloom from the forest forests of thousands of years before. They searched and squired that soil, bare soil, and for the fruits of the earth they made their bread and butter.

I can still see Red McGuigan coming amongst us when somebody told him we had the quarry in the bag. A huge man, shaggy-headed, and with battle eyes. He looked up to the tree and the cords in his neck stood rigid. He shouted, "I want you down here alive, Aramovich. And I'll want till you come down. I want you to be able to tell what I'm going to do to you."

He might as well have been talking

to an empty tree. There was no sign of Big Mike in the branches. His great frame, six feet six inches tall and built as proportion, stood motionless in the midday mass of petrified bushes years that filled the earth. Fifty feet from the ground.

"And if McGuigan don't get you?" "And if McGuigan don't get you?" "And if McGuigan don't get you?"

"This is my trouble," Red McGuigan told them all, standing there, "and I'll take care of it. Keep out of it."

"We've got scores to settle, too."

"You've had chances to settle them," McGuigan said. "This is my score and I'll settle it. I don't want the man."

He turned to his brother Linty, a thick man with a dark complexion and friendly blue eyes.

"Don't see that side, Linty. Not even if he's a sitting duck."

"There's no harm in knocking a few splinters off the man's nerves."

The dark was coming on the ground, the air chilling now that the sun had gone down.

And over all there hung an air of tense expectancy. A redoubting war at hand.

Alone in the tree, Big Mike must have felt like a cornered rat as he tried to visualize what would happen to him if these men, each one of whom hated him, managed to get their hands on him. Like a hunted

BEST of all Jewish stories we've heard recently concerns a shopkeeper with a clever son, who came top of his class. The father explained that it was all done by "practical demonstration." "For instance," he would say, "but right Jewish say he got to write a composition on ethics. What a ethics, father?" he say I make the practical demonstration. Jewish I say, suppose a lady also come into the shop, she find a dress she like and given me a pound note. Just as I'm going to the till, I see it is not a pound note but a five-pound note. Now, have you got the ethics. The ethics of the case, my son, is—do I tell my partner?"

men, and women, when it was necessary. They'd trouble and worked to feed their good rough bodies from the time they were youngsters, life had been one long depression for them. They wanted nothing from anyone, and they never interfered as anyone else's troubles. Never sees the McGinnans, and you were right. You got along fine.

I know all this when they came to the field, because I know them well. I'd worked with them catching wild horses out beyond Arns. Big Mike didn't know it. He might have taken it over had he known it.

When he saw Red's wife, Rose, the only white woman of Ty Abasco, his eyes went over her, he took his hat off and introduced himself. She just nodded politely and turned away.

Big Mike gladdened over to Red McGinnans. He had an unusual story on his lips. "You make a good story," he said, "bringing her here. The horse game have a good time now."

The next second his jaws slipped together and he fell on his back, stunned unconscious on his face. The look changed. He jumped up and Red McGinnans hit him across, splitting his cheekbones. Big Mike swung and aimed half a dozen times. He tried to get in and hit McGinnans, but Red was too cunning, but and all as he was. He turned a left and a right in the Colonel's belly, hooked him, and sent him down again.

Every man on the field was there, cheering, to see him get up and latch up his knee. McGinnans back-stopped, and telling the Dolly that if he wanted dirt he could have it, looked out with his foot, catching the other in the groin. He doubled, and McGinnans brought up his knee, splitting Big Mike's nose all over his face. He fell down and sat there, peering, bloody, dead.

"Keep away from me," McGinnans said. "You're our boss I don't want to know."

That was two months before, and now it had come to this.

In the dusky twilight we heard old Salazar's rattling returning. I went back with Red McGinnans to his shack as the old shaker stopped and the doctor got out. We sat at the kitchen table while he went into the next room. We didn't talk. I didn't mean McGinnans's hand and paw, the skin cracked. I think the poor devil was thinking prayers, his hand, anyway.

Red only been around the day he came up to the field. You wouldn't have to know much to know there'd been a lot of hard knocks in McGinnans's life. He'd got over them, and he was the sort who never expected them to let up. But right there and then you could see he wouldn't have minded if life threatened a double dose of hardship in the future, so long as he in there came through all right.

At the end of his nerves the tension was full in him. He stood up and walked to the fireplace and back. He stopped and looked at the door. "What the hell's that old snake doing?"

When a few minutes later he heard the footsteps, he walked towards the door and met the doctor coming out. He was a thin, elderly man with glasses and a flowing mustache. He was white-haired and hollowed looked in a mild sort of way.

"Who did it?" he demanded.

"Never mind who did it," snapped McGinnans. "How is she?" Is she going to be all right?"

"The women has been kicked and punched," rapped the doctor, with a look of indignation.

"What?"

"Kicked and punched. She sits

stupid he had sought refuge, but he would have been for hours all on the ground. He was miserably caught in a trap of his own choosing. There was no escape. Instantly that every pack down there would get him to the end. And then Red McGinnans would tell him.

"We'll get the fire going," Red McGinnans said. "Keep a watch tonight."

Some of the men had drifted off, but there was a knot of about thirty there, and nothing was going to shift them. They were in a dangerous mood. Their hostility had been sharpened to a nervous life to achieve retribution. Their long smoldering resentments were aflame. The sickness that needed their demanded satisfaction.

Big Mike had traversed the field, and every man feared him and avoided him. They had some of them, looked him for his bragging after his boasts. They never made the same mistake again. Big Mike clenched them.

He didn't just take a run in his arms, powerful as he was, and beat him. He disabled him. He broke the arm of a man named Hughes, and gave Lefty Barker two fractured

arms. His strength was reduced. When he found weakness he fed his power on it. He was a flowering warrior man with a typical, black face, with a bristly beard on the high cheekbones, and steel-cold grey eyes.

He would smooch of the men. He told them he could work them dead. He carried on his back stone-made shot two men might not lift. He was a bad egg and held down time. He earned the newspaper's offerings regarding his conversations about with him. He'd throw them under your nose and blarney convinced you to read them.

One, I remember, was for lunch-work at some place in Hawkeye Bay. He stabbed a Chinese. Another was for robbery. And another recorded three years apart here for molesting a Mexican woman. Proud of the cattiness, he was. Well, you get types like that.

I said he stood over the field. He always parked the afternoon. He found his match the day the two McGinnans came. Red and Lefty, and Red's wife, Rose, came from the headland down on Jackson.

The McGinnans were not wild men. They were rather quiet, and kept to themselves. But they were ruthless

been conscious at all since then?"

"Only for a few minutes," McGaughey said. "When I found him. Just long enough to say what happened."

"How long ago did it happen?"

"I don't know how long. All I know is I knocked off about three and she wasn't about when I came in. Stuff was cooking on the fire I wanted a bit. Then I noticed the water bucket was gone, and I went down to the creek. She was mauling on the ground. The mud was all churned. She must have put up a bit of a struggle. He punched and kicked her, did he?"

"She's in a bad way," the doctor said with a worried frown.

"Never mind the soft touch," McGaughey said. "Give it to me. How bad?"

"He had 'til here to operate here—now. There's no time to get her to

a hospital. You'll have to help me."

"Let's not panic, then."

I left them and went out and down to the town. Two fires burned there. Ten or a dozen men sat round them. Linty McGaughey still mowed the stile. I told him what was happening, and I saw the look harden and freeze in his eyes. He said nothing. The men were talking in low voices among themselves.

Three hours ago, . . . I couldn't get the machine out of my head! Red McGaughey appearing at the top of the slope with his wife in his arms, carrying her as if she were a dead woman. Big Mike in his shirt, through the dirty pants, must have seen him, too. He must have seen the look on his face and the way he walked, and Linty McGaughey and the three or four of us with him doing up to Red full of questions.

He couldn't have heard Linty Mc-

Gaughey's blarney, but he must have known why Linty was running towards his shack with us following. He must have seen the men coming down everywhere and known the talk had spread, and that the feeling against him was rising like the wind.

For Linty McGaughey crashed open the door and we swarmed in after him, through to the back. We saw Big Mike lying down the gully and into the forest. We gave chase, and heard him blundering through the scrub. And in a little while our noses had swelled, and the forest was riddled with arrows. We split up and searched him and came in on him. We stopped, and then we could not hear him any more.

We came into the clearing and suddenly Linty McGaughey cried "Look! There he is!"

Big Mike had just reached the lowest bough of the tree two, and

was unstrapping the handle of the belt by which he had made the ascent. For one moment he froze, and there was an indescribable look of alarm and fear on his face. As Linty McGaughey threw the rope up to his shoulder, Big Mike flung himself flat into the nest of bushes near, and the bullet chopped the bough where he had been.

I thought of him up there now. It was hard to know what strange thoughts were whirling around in his mind, but he must have realized he had made a terrible mistake. He had cut off his escape. What had been the reason for it?

I could only think of myself in his place—running into the bush, pursued by an ever-increasing pack of hunters. Big Mike was not a coward. He would have stood up to any man, or any two men together, but it took the fear of the mob to arrest



**THE CLINICAL
THERMOMETER DOES NOT
MEASURE EMOTIONAL
HEAT**

The days are getting nice and warm,
The sun feels good, the breeze
is fresh,
And good it is to look around
And let kind nature soothe
the flesh.
The evening, too, is nicely
cooled,
The moon its tender brilliance
yields,
A man is warmed by nature
thoughts—
A woman's so cold on the
feels!

him. And it took the doctors to convert their hatred into a hard core of violence. He didn't have a friend in that camp. He knew he could turn to no one for help. They were ready and anxious to bruck him.

Nobody in the world could have been so solitary and twisted as Red Mike Antonovich at that moment.

There was only one reason for his shaking the tree. The chase was too hot. He must have realized he wouldn't get away from us on the ground. He wouldn't have gone into the tree to escape. He went there to hide—to hide until nightfall, when he could come down and smash usmen. He must have been in a state of fear as he leaped his belt around the tree, braced his back against the broad leather and went up with the agility he prided himself on. Yet coming, too, for he did not choose the prize-rich hours that would have taken time to slush, but the slender time.

Red luck for him. Just a few seconds delay on our part, and he would have been as a leaf in the

leaf. Now he was trapped, and we set below him.

Over on the hill, the one square light burned in Red McGaughey's shack. The red twilight glowed on the trees, the hard frost played in the upper darkness. One by one the men drifted off to their beds as the night went on, until there were only four of us left—Lindy and me at the tent, and two men from Kansas at the other.

Lindy McGaughey stood up. His voice was harsh, morbid.

"Whatever you do, Antonovich, you can't get away. We'll wait till you come down, or die of hunger and not there. We can wait weeks, months."

We waited for an answer, but there was none. He sat down again at the fire. Four hours later I went out of a door. Lindy was still there, wide awake, staring at the fire. The other two men were asleep under their old Alaska overcoats.

The dawnlight softened the sky, and the light in Red McGaughey's window went out. Lindy stood up, and I felt a cold tremor run through my bones. The gray sky was bleaching to bright pearl. In a little while the sun rose, pouring long shafts of lazy light through the trees.

The sound of old Sullivan's rattler started me, and we saw it going down the hill. It woke the two men from Kansas. They stood up. Nobody said anything. We knew the doctor was on his way back. Old Sullivan must have slept in his bus all night.

"Tom," Lindy said to me, "go and see, will you?"

I don't know, but I had a feeling I was nearly at the hat when Red McGaughey came out. His face was haggard and lined. He didn't say one. If he did, he said nothing. He just passed me, and I watched him go, the sun flashing on the crown of his





"BUNG-HO"

Drawn From The Wood
By
GIBSON

You and the boys in the back room
think . . . dream . . . and plan
about it for weeks . . .

You plot dark plots about it . . .

Muds "wriggling" and talking
heart-breaking stories about it . . .



Then one fine day you finally land
it . . .



You carefully nurture . . . care for
protect it . . .



Then comes the much-longed-for
moment . . . you wait anxiously for
the sweet moment of breathing . . .
when some . . .



Then fool does this to it ! ! ! ! !

STRANGER and Stranger



MONKEYS IN SPACE . . .

With space ship travel said to be just around the corner, U.S. scientists have been experimenting with animals to find whether galavanting around the ether is likely to be medically harmful to the creepy-creaky who try it. In New Mexico recently, five monkeys were strapped in a V-2 rocket 30 miles above the earth, higher than any living thing has ever gone before. Under anesthesia, the miserable monkeys were strapped to sponge rubber beds in pressurized containers fitted in the nose of five different rockets. Telemeter equipment was attached to their bodies to relay changes in their pulse rate, respiration, and blood pressure back to the earth. The records thus obtained showed "no significant disturbance" in the readings. This led the researchers to conclude that "space travel will not be as harmful to man as was hitherto believed." It was planned that the containers holding the five monkeys would break off from the rockets at the peak of their flight and parachute down safely. However, in all cases, the parachutes failed to open and the monkeys were dashed to death.

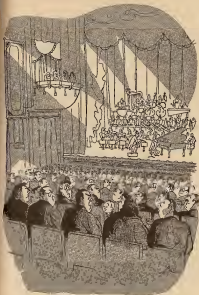
PRIMITIVE PULSES . . .

Taking the pulse as an indication of a person's sickness or health extends back before the dawn of medicine, before the discovery of blood

circulation. Ancient Chinese physicians put great stock on the taking of the pulse. Apparently they measured it against their own respiration, about four beats in each breath being considered normal. Of course, the physician himself had to be in a healthy state for a true reading! He generally vested his patient in the morning, before eating and when he was free from all stress and distraction. "We removed hands solely for understanding the pulse," it has been said. "It was only possible to determine what the finger felt and to interpret this approximately in terms of the primitive machine ideas of the time."

MAN IN QUANTITY . . .

All in all, the human body is one of the most complicated, but smooth functioning, of all machines. An average man's blood vessels contain over 100,000 miles his capillaries cover an acre. His heart beats 100,000 times a day, pumps 12 pints of blood a minute and generates enough energy in two hours to lift 65 tons a foot in the air. Each kidney has about 1,200,000 tubules, extending for a total combined length of 75 miles. Once every 40 days, he consumes his own weight in food. His brain contains 12 billion cells, his lungs 800 million air cells. Each second, ten million red blood cells are destroyed and replaced in his body.



"Fine time to say his first word!"

IT'S ALL IN THE CARDS



Contrary to the general view, these business is not always a laughing, frolicking task. Sometimes the lovely ladies of the diving community work a season or so of relaxation. Some spend a day or so each other's before stepping cold cream on each other's heads, talking over a cigarette about stage door business or spending their formal. Others, like the picture we have collected here, prefer a few quick hands of cards.



It would take a very wise-woman who would say, to twinkle these lovely dolls into a friendly game of strip poker. Perhaps I've found them too some such play. He seems to be looking over his head, and that could be an anticipatory gleam in his eyes. But why talk about him anyway? He hardly likely you'd be interested with two dashing eyeballs like this to hold your attention.



We were so taken by the haunting loveliness of the seventeen-year-old of Frodo's soul-mate that we decided to give her a close-up all to herself. We could neither believe about the exquisite classic lines of her profile. There seems to be something magical about her—the same rare of endowments that can save in stress of the godlessness of modern Greece. And after all that, believe, we've got to admit we don't even know her name.



POLIO PROMISE . . .

From America comes news of a new and hopeful weapon in the battle against polio. It is a blood fraction called gamma globulin, which has been called "a rich store-house of disease fighting anti-bodies." Initial research at Baltimore's Johns Hopkins University, and at Yale University, suggests that it "may be able to attack and destroy polio before it gets to the nervous system and wrecks its paralyzing effects." Do monkeys previously injected with "concentrates of human gamma globulin," Dr. Robert of Johns Hopkins has had five polio cases. None of the monkeys contracted polio in the paralytic form. Now, of course, the question is: Will it have a similar effect on children? However, as yet, experimentation has not advanced to the stage where a definite answer can be given. Little numbers of children will have to be tested with it over a period, and, unfortunately, at present, supplies of gamma globulin are strictly limited.

BETTER BREAKFASTS . . .

The age-old debate regarding the benefits of sticking up the body's internal organs with a satisfying and sustaining breakfast has been settled once and for all by an investigation carried out recently at the University of Iowa. Excessive tests of girl students showed that those

who missed their breakfast altogether, or were content with a cup of tea and a slice of toast, "burned out less work, were slower in their reactions and had less muscular steadiness." The ones who were given a good nutritious meal in the morning, "increased their work output, were quicker on the draw and did not tire as easily." The tests also proved that girls need not go hungry in the morning in the hope of preserving their figures. None of the girls in the study showed any weight variation whether she ate breakfast or not.

BLOOD PRESSURE . . .

Despite a widely held belief to the contrary, there has been no drug recently developed that will cure high blood pressure, one of the main causes of death from heart trouble. The nervous system through over-enthusiastic American game reports on the experimental use of hexamethonium chloride. At writing, this drug is believed "capable of reducing blood pressure in some cases, particularly when given with another drug, hydralazinephthalene, or with a low-salt diet." But, warns Dr. Irving Wright, president of the American Heart Association, "it is in no sense a cure, since the blood pressure returns to its previous high levels when it is stopped, or the patient becomes tolerant to it."

HEAVY WEIGHTS, HEARTS AND HERNIA

LEE GUARD



A reminder up of medical opinions on the lifting of heavy weights and its effects on the body.

"THAT'S too heavy for you! Don't try to lift it!" How often have you heard the friendly warning? It has become almost a cliché, hasn't it? But you should still be careful about the poundage in the parcel. That body of yours is a machine, and any machine is destined to handle just so much strain. Too much strain forces a breakdown.

We are all familiar with conscious reactions from lifting of excessive weights. There is the excessive effort, the obvious strain, the attendant respiratory difficulty, and the nervous relief and comfort which comes

with the subsiding of the burden. What are the after effects — on the heart, on future heaves and nervous strain?

Have you ever thought of the occurrence of angina among the wide muscular population who lift bar bells and other masses of heavy metal, in contrast with those occurring among other sportsmen such as footballers, wrestlers, basketballers, etc.

A recent survey of orthopedic specialists revealed that, among their sport-practising patients, the non-angina were completely missing. Broken and strained kneecaps apparently ran

most common ailments, and they are the result of bad timing and loss of balance.

The good weight-lifter is careful to avoid excessive taxing of his strength from an unbalanced position. It produces not only inefficiency of effort but overstrain of a body concerned not intended for such random exertion.

Common knowledge blames the lifting of heavy weights for too many heart strokes. Actually, the physical strain of lifting weights is handled by the skeletal system and not the cardiac muscle.

Dr. Paul White, famous American heart specialist, stated that he knew "not one who died of heart strain because of excessive exertion." It is the person with a diseased heart, and the one suffering a considerable emotional strain attendant upon his activity, who usually gets the heart attack.

You must agree that there are most cases of heart failure on golf courses than there are, for instance, in wrestling bouts. Heart specialists for years have claimed that heart strains are more common with nervous than with physical strain, although most cardiologists decline to give them unreserved confirmation.

American Dr. J. L. Todd recently addressed the United States Y.M.C.A. Physical Director's Conference on the subject of heart strain induced by excessive weight manipulation. He stated:

"Over a period of ten years from 1922 to 1932, we observed the applicants for the job of laborer at the Whitehaven Arsenal, Minneapolis, lift a 125 pound bag of books to the shoulder in one motion. Some of the men concerned were older individuals and some were in poor condition.

"The strenuous exertion and the

nervous strain associated with this effort was noticeable in many of the hundreds who applied for the job, yet, despite this combination, potentially unfavorable to health or longevity, no apparent harm resulting either immediately after the effort, or years later among the men who did the straining and got the job."

We asked a Sydney doctor about the possible adverse results of handling heavy weights. He is a practicing specialist in world-famous Macquarie Street. Our expert told us —

"Hemiplegia, more familiarly known as a stroke, or attack due to a rupture of a cerebral artery, might be expected from the high blood pressure caused by heavy lifts, but such a result is practically unknown.

"Consider the number of people, mostly over 50 years of age, who have hemiplegia; these older men with worn-out circulatory systems do a form of weight lifting in bed to develop their strength by various types of self-lifting exercises.

"They do not appear to suffer another rupture in a cerebral artery. The former apprehension with which most doctors viewed these activities has, to a great extent, disappeared with the absence of any of the minor and major after-effects so often feared.

"Paraplegia, paralysis of the lower limbs, besides the contusion, laceration by bullet or shrapnel, with bladder and bowel difficulties, are given strenuous arm and shoulder exercises in beds, on mats, then are given crutches, taught to lift themselves, to go up and down stairs. They do a strenuous form of heavy lifting day in and day out with great benefit and without any known injury resulting."

Probably the world's most famous

In Hollywood not so long ago, a Sunday School teacher asked her class to write down their favorite lyrics. All handed in a slip of paper except one little girl. "Come on Anne," prompted the teacher. "Write the name of your favorite lyrics and bring me the paper." Jane wrote and with downcast eyes and drooping cheeks, handed the teacher her paper. It read "Johnny Jones."

and successful exponent of diagnosis and therapy for parotitis variosa in Kalot, of the Kaiser-Klaus Clinic in California (U.S.A.). Kalot, actually enough, has done no enormous amount of work with patients suffering in all stages of parotitis. He advocates progressive therapy, however, not only for strike victims, but also for sufferers from parotitis, multiple sclerosis, and dental pain.

The medically knowledgeable Kalot states:

"Heavy resistance is the most effective method of extracting the greatest number of motor units and of producing maximal activation of the entire pathway."

A series of exercises, known as the De Lorenso group, are now recognized throughout the world as correct remedial treatment for knee and back cases. The De Lorenso exercises are based on movements, which are the fundamental actions of the gross-muscle-controlled weight-lifter.

Occasionally the actors of the by-stander, addressed to the active character who is about to hold masses of the heavy stuff, carries a warning, about horses. Once again we call upon American Dr. Todd to enlighten Ray Dr. Todd.

"We recall no horses caused directly by weight-lifting in the gymnasium or at Westerns. Indeed, one might think that because of the increased abdominal tension, some of the horses could come through the required work. Such has not been the case. As a matter of fact, there is a tendency to believe that the abdominal muscles in weight lifting become stronger and help fast against the tendency of the horses' legs to be pinned the horses appear to be fast or the indirect horses actually to perform."

"So far as we can find out, no insurance company—like a dentist—admits a weightlifter a policy. This would be especially true in the case of the accident insurance companies if they felt that heavy lifting would cause a performance of a pre-existing congenital weakness in the ligamentous and many insurance companies feel no horse develops unless a congenital weakness predisposing to horses had always been present and they state that if produced by an exercise, it would be only because of an aggravation of a pre-existing tendency. There must be a limp, osteomyelitis, tendinitis, and pain immediately after the clean running course had been occurring."

A great series of non-medical activities actually benefit by the practice of pushing, pulling and lifting weights.

People who indulge in the strenuous posture of standing upward over the ascending layer of resistance, prepare themselves for their rugged recreation by having heavy

weights around. Members of mountain climbing clubs had themselves with heavyweights and paraphernalia weighing from 20 lbs. to 300 lbs., and they struggle up to altitudes of 14,000 to 15,000 feet above sea level.

In 1934 a number of Boston (U.S.A.) doctors were asked to comment on the advisability of such strenuous activity. Twelve of the medical men were approached, and their unanimous verdict was that "if, in any, horse was likely to occur."

The Appalachian Mountain Club has been in existence since 1838. A doctor who is a member of the club was quoted as saying that he knew of "none of the older men who have been injured by the mountain." He mentioned one member who is in his 90's and is still active.

Many well-known and successful swimming coaches have improved the performance of their charges by

adding weights and extra impediments to them. The magazine, "Life," published a photo of recent breaststroke champion Keith Carter in training. The swimmer was wearing leaden-weighted shoes. He also had his legs strapped together, thus being taken with the burden of considerable extra weight to be handled by arms and shoulders moving alone.

Weights were extensively used by the military services during and after the recent war in the stressed rehabilitation of injured and ill servicemen. The orthopedic services even recommended weights from the gymnasium to aid them in their human projects.

We have to admit, however, that medical authorities are usually unwilling to give an unreserved opinion on the effects on the human organism of the lifting of heavy weights.

In stress or not is shown—that is the question.





The Boston Tar Baby, now almost forgotten, was a boxer prodigy of whom even Jack Johnson was afraid.

THE LANGFORD LEGEND

NOW, he is old and fat and almost blind. He was, a lovely and pathetic figure, in his dirty Harlem bedrooms. His only constant companion is the guitar which he plucks with absent, lacerated fingers. When he moves, his actions are laborious; his voice has the slowness, but not the querulousness, of age.

He is not, however, unhappy. There is no bitterness in him. Because the only man he ever bore a grudge against is dead, he carries no hate.

The man he disliked was Jack Johnson, whom he still believes refused him his place as world's heavyweight champion.

The lovely man in the Harlem room is Sam Langford, a "white" black man who knew only one trade, boxing. Pugnacious served him badly, for although he fought 168 opponents, he was forced by financial necessity to continue to fight when his eyes were only dim, unseeing shapes.

Even then, he still managed often to win. No one knows of his disability, so no one was able to take advantage of it. He'd let an opponent hit him and get in close. Then, remembering the distance by feeling the other's torso, he'd deliver punches. And Sam Langford had a destroying punch, even at 42 years of age.

Langford—the "Boston Tar Baby"—met four world's champions: Guss, Walker, Knicker and Johnson. He fought best at 165 pounds and was only five feet six inches tall. Yet he beat some stouter heavier and faster taller. For that, he paid with his sight.

When, after working for 32 years at his trade, he was beaten by a man who should not have put a glove on him, a doctor peered into his eyes and said: "Why, Sam, you old son-of-a-gun—you're blind!"

So they wouldn't let the Tar Baby fight any more.

"But if I'd seen the doctor coming, I'd have knocked him out cold," said Langford. "Then, I'd be fighting yet!"

Sam Langford saw the first hint of his problems in 1903, when he beat Joe Goss, the lightweight champion. He weighed a couple of pounds over the weight limit; that, he learned his first chance of winning a world's championship.

A year later, he fought a draw with the welterweight champion, Joe Walker. In 1904, when he was 30 years old and weighed 155 pounds, he knocked down Jack Johnson—45 pounds heavier—but lost in 15 rounds. Within two years, Johnson was heavyweight champion.

Johnson, as champion, would not fight another Negro, although on the way up he had never shown any prejudice against moving men of his own color.

"He see would pay to see two Niggers box," said Johnson.

The greatness of Langford is proved by the record books. As a man, too, he added many legends to the history of pugilism.

It was he, for instance, who, when brought into a quibble about the choice of referee, shrugged the problem away with the words "Ah ain't worried. Ah carry with my referee."

And the little, barrel-chested man held up his devastating fists.

Langford suffered drawn decisions, and would gladly have earned a fight to the finish. The story is told that when he was in Australia, the Tar Baby sweated out 12 rounds with Colton Hall on a scorchingly hot day. The referee called it a draw.

"Ah like a straight-out verdict," Langford said. "So I challenge brother Hall to a 75-yard footrace to see who gets the decision."

Hall, it's said, agreed. The race ended in a dead-heat, and the referee's decision stood.

Sam had a penchant for "naming his shots." Early in his career, he walked out from his corner at the start of the second round and shook hands with his opponent.

"What's that for?" asked the latter.

"This ain't the last round."

"Yes, it is," replied Langford. He stood back and let go a lifter. They carried his opponent away.

When the Tar Baby was training to meet Foreman, Jim Flynn, an amateur sports writer named Hyatt Hays publicly predicted that the stocky Hays would be badly beaten. On the night of the match, Langford walked to the seat where Hays sat, and said: "Be ready! I'm going to knock Flynn into your lap!"

In the eighth round, the Foreman fell through the ropes at Hays's feet.

There were the wings, with his date, that helped to build the Langford legend.

Langford's pugilistic credo was simple. "First I makes them lead. Then I makes them run. Then I beats them out."

To him, it was as easy as that.

Amateurish lawyer Langford as a man and debilitated him as a fighter. They treated badly on Boston Day, 1911, when at Sydney Stadium, he lost on points to the two-stone heavier

McVea. They were with him to a man in the return match—and this time, the Tar Baby brought his own referee with him.

McVea, a master of defense, came from his corner to meet a bewildering number of punches—terrible, destructive blows that sent him staggering and reeling across the ring.

The referee, unimpressed by Longford of the earlier match, was gone. Now, he was a killer, a predatory creature who found the padded gloves an embarrassment. Throughout the contest, he kept up the relentless harpings. McVea stayed till the finish, but he didn't remember a thing after the first round.

In their third match, Longford "carried" McVea until the crowd was laughing at the feebleness of it all. In the thirteenth round, he pushed McVea gently to the floor.

A couple of years before, the well-meaning Negro had been accused also of "scurrying." Stanley Ketchell, one of the three best middleweights the world has known. It was a six-round no-decision match, and the Tar Baby was palpably not extended. But, he said later, "Ketchell was strong and dangerous. Ah could not knock him out in no ten rounds anyway."

It was an apparently simple statement—except that the man, about whom Longford spoke was one of the toughest who ever pulled on a glove. In October, 1925, Ketchell, a middleweight, had met Jack Johnson, the heavyweight champion. He had stayed with the Negro guest for 12 grueling rounds, had taken all the punishment Johnson had dished out—and the points were roughly even.

In the twelfth round, he had knocked Johnson to the canvas and stood back, a triumphant man splashing his bloody face. Then, the Negro had risen, punched across the ring and landed a lethal right to the smaller

man's jaw, knocking him on his back.

The blow broke most of Ketchell's upper teeth, but even at that he had tried desperately to get up.

And yet Longford said: "Ah could not knock Ketchell out in no ten rounds." He meant that he could have done it in ten or twelve rounds.

But the Tar Baby, in 1911, was still young and gloriously fit. In 1925, he was half-blind. He could see a little in the evening, but during the day he could not even see an opponent a couple of feet distant.

In that year, he won a championship. It wasn't much of a championship, for it enabled the Tar Baby only to call himself heavyweight champion of Missouri. It was fought on a bright, sunny day—which meant that Longford was fighting from memory.

His opponent was Ed Savage, and the contest was over in one minute and 42 seconds—the time it took Longford to grasp Savage's biceps and calculate the shortest distance to his jaw.

Soon after they found out that Ed had Longford was blind.

Now, sitting in his tiny bedroom, he waits eagerly for the odd caller who may, in his charity, come to share a bottle of beer with the shivering physiotherapist. He will talk volubly, albeit nostalgically, of the years when, with a little help from Fate, he may have become a world's champion.

"Ah knocked Johnson down once when Ah was a kid," he'll tell the caller. "And Ah still think Ah should have got the nod anyway. But when he got to be champion, he won't fight me. He? why? Because Ah would have beaten him, that's why."

Longford beat all the rest except Jack Johnson. Perhaps he is right. Perhaps he would have beaten Johnson, too.



"Pardon me, Mrs., but let's just assume you have a cute little pup and I ought to get him. Care to take it from there?"



*Planned
for a*

NARROW BLOCK

The narrow building blocks of most well developed suburbs pose difficult problems for the home designer, making it very critical to depart from the orthodox. When an elongated or "L" plan can be used, a satisfying depart ure from the usual often results. By following the garden to flow past the front of the house and occupy the open space of the "L" an illusion of greater width is given to the abode.

The accompanying plan has been designed with these thoughts in mind. A pleasing first impression is gained by the fact that the entrance porch winds through the garden to the entrance door which is situated at the centre of the house.

The living and sleeping quarters are then accommodated in separate wings, making for easier housework. There are two bedrooms, one with a built-in wardrobe and the other with a good dressing annex. The bathroom is situated between the two bedrooms.

Planned for outdoor living, the living room has a large group of windows overlooking the front garden, and windows and doors opening on to a paved terrace at the rear. The adjoining room has three large windows overlooking a wide window box.



THE HOME OF TO-DAY (No. 32)
Prepared by W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.

PISTOLS FOR TWO



PETER HARGRAVE

Nowhere has duelling flourished so flamboyantly as in New Orleans. One man even kept a private sanctuary in which to bury his victims.

Nowhere has duelling flourished so flamboyantly as in colourful, polyglot New Orleans during the 18th century. Young Spanish, French and American barbedos of its high society lived by a rigid code of honour, which demanded "a meeting at dawn" and a gambol with death as the slightest pretext—a hairy word, a difference of opinion or even a collision during a waltz.

Not until he had met an opponent

with either dagger, horse knife, pistol or rapier was a youth considered a man. They greeted him, when they all strove to equalise, was a famous duellist whose skill was such that he was reputed to maintain a private sanctuary in which to bury his victims.

For the first of the recorded deaths that have been ascribed, it is necessary to go back to 1822, when occurred an encounter that set a pat-

tern of courage and honour for the hundreds that followed it.

It started in Messager's Coffee House. A disturbance at one table, where sat a well-known young politician, Colonel Dupuis, and Antoine des Moulins, son of a rich plantation owner, gradually grew heated, though what it was all about has now been lost in time.

Suddenly the talk stopped. In the minutes calm that followed, all eyes were on the two young men. They stood facing each other and with unworldly familiarity arranged the personal combat which the code of honour demanded.

Then, with a stiff bow, each marched out to spend the five hours before their meeting in farewell letter writing, well making and, perhaps, an supper cooked in the still hours before the dawn, as belated regrets of their impetuosity.

Dawn found them, with their seconds, in a field by the side of the Marigny Canal.

Then, once again, voices were raised in paper-thin of the seconds. Each hurried to his principal and bade the owner that, through a misunderstanding, only one duelling pistol had been brought out.

"It does not matter," said Colonel Dupuis. "Toss a coin, if my opponent is agreeable, and the winner gets the first three shots. If the loser survives, he gets the next three shots."

Des Moulins agreed, and called earnestly as the coin was spun.

The seconds loaded the old-fashioned, muzzle-loading pistol with powder and ball, primed and cocked it and handed it to des Moulins.

Dupuis stood at attention as his opponent raised the gun and, on the second's word of "Fire!" squeezed the trigger.

But nothing happened. Through some fault the pistol failed to fire.

Des Moulins had two shots left, as under the duelling rules a misfire counted as a shot. The pistol was reloaded and again primed and cocked. For a second time it did not fire.

Dupuis swore indignantly. Obviously the fellow knew nothing about the vagaries of duelling pistols.

"Scratch the first with your thumb-nail," he called out. "Then it will be sure to fire." At the same time he advanced five paces. "I think ten paces is too far for here," he announced to the seconds. "He must have a better chance."

But, despite the advice, the pistol still refused to fire. What was more, it displayed the same obstinacy for Dupuis himself—waiting for each of his three shots, too.

The seconds then went forward and pleaded with the two youths that honour had been satisfied; that each had proved his courage.

Dupuis and des Moulins placed at each other for a moment. Then, one smiled and they fell on each other's neck like long lost friends.

Arm-in-arm, they returned to town for one of the three-hour breakfasts for which Messager's was famous.

However, one of the New Orleans duels ended so happily.

Perhaps the most bizarre of them all took place a few years later between Louisiana's largest planter, Francis St. Amant, and an unnamed slave dealer from Kentucky.

As in most of these affairs, the reasons are now long, but it is known that Amant slipped the Kentuckian's bow and was challenged. He then named the conditions.

They appeared to the west bank of the Mississippi, where the New Orleans suburb of Algiers stands to-day. A grove was dug. Each man stood beside it, back to back, three feet apart, and armed with a loaded and

UPON the death of her husband, a certain lady of our acquaintance waited what was considered an unduly long time before she wed his brother. However, she hung his picture in her new home and that mollified her friends. Then someone heard her answer to a visitor who questioned as to the identity of the man in the picture "Oh," she said, "that's my poor brother-in-law. He passed away recently."

cooked pistol, waiting expectantly.

When given the order, they went to turn and fire. The latter was to be turned there and then in the waiting grave.

Evidently St. Armand knew what he was about. He was far too quick for the Revolution and put a bullet snugly through his brain.

Although an anti-duelling law was passed at Louisiana in 1838, no one was charged under it for another 25 years—although an average of five duels a day were being fought in New Orleans alone.

The famous affair which earned the first court action was an encounter following a palmed difference between two wealthy landowners—Paul Prout and Henri Trosclair.

They met on Royal Road, outside the city, on June 28, 1863, in what they had agreed would be "a duel to the death."

As if that they were to stand back to back each with a pistol in both hands. When ordered to fire, each was to turn and discharge the pistol at his right hand. Then the second pistol could be used if required.

The conditions were carried out to the letter. Both men wheeled and fired simultaneously—and both missed.

Neither turned to fire with his left hand. Instead, each threw the empty pistol away and started to transfer the loaded one into his right hand.

But Prout was clumsy. In the process he accidentally discharged the delicate hair-trigger, sending pistol into the ground. Subsequently he stood there before his opponent's now-loaded weapon.

Trosclair hesitated, and at that moment Paul Prout "agreed his own death warrant." He said to his enemy, "Wield the master with you!" Fire and get it over with!

Trosclair fired, and his ball ploughed through Prout's chest. He was dead before his second reached his side.

The Attorney-General of Louisiana charged Trosclair with violation of the anti-duelling law. However, after a six-day trial and an 18-hour deliberation by the jury, he was acquitted.

A stranger and more far-reaching law was immediately enacted by the legislature, but it also had little effect. Another five years passed before any action was taken under it.

One summer night in 1845, two prominent men-about-New-Orleans—a Dr. Thomas and a Monsieur Lebrun—had a difference of opinion on the floor of the Orleans Ballroom.

Both were adamant that honor could only be settled with a duel there and then on the ballroom floor. A space was soon cleared. Then, armed with "botchermade"—shin, deadly, Croix system—they set to. Again and again, up and down the floor, the needle-pointed blades clashed in dancing thrusts, parries and ripostes.

Both were seen spectacularly recondi-

tion. For ten minutes the crowded ballroom was completely silent—except for the shilling revolutionaries of steel on steel.

Then, with a wily thrust and a lunge too quick for the eye to see, Lebrun's blade found the doctor's chest. Blood flowed, women screamed and half a dozen fellow doctors rushed to Thomas's side to render medical aid. The wound was deep and painful, but did not prove fatal.

The following morning the two participants were charged under the anti-duelling law. Five friends again, they jointly engaged a famous lawyer, John Grymes, to defend them.

Grymes eloquently argued to the jury that "a gentleman must fight under attack or stand the gentleman's brand of sword." Accordingly, the jury took only 10 minutes to acquit both Lebrun and Dr. Thomas.

Realizing the futility of it, the Government made no more attempts to outlaw duelling. It continued to flourish for nearly another half century, when it died of natural causes.

With young gentlemen of New Orleans, the art of duelling with cut weapons had to be part of their education. To the town fabled European saloons of fortune to act as masters-of-arms and earn profitable rewards of instruction.

As one of these schools—that of the famed Alcazar, later known as the famous "Alcazar of the Fighting Masters" there appeared some time in 1834 a slim, fair-haired youth of a striking Spanish resemblance.

His name was Jose Lilla, and on persuaded Lebrun to give him a job as an instructor in knife fighting.

As "Papa" Lilla, as he was affectionately known, the Spaniard was to become the most skilled master-of-arms and the deadliest dueler in New

Orleans. He never lost an encounter.

His skill, not only with the knife, but at fencing and pistol shooting also, which he picked up from Lebrun's Spanish landowner. From the school which he soon opened for himself a made a fortune.

The most fantastic episode in Lilla's career occurred on a day of revolutionaries and adventures meeting in New Orleans for one of the many attempts to overthrow Spanish rule in Cuba.

Papa was a fanatically loyal supporter to the King of Spain. Accordingly he publicly denounced each revolutionary as a coward and a traitor and challenged every one of them to a duel.

He gave them the choice of weapons and swore he would fight them all—one at a time—as long as they cared to present themselves.

New Orleans reacted with laughter as not one of the dueling, devil-may-care, fire-eating revolutionaries appeared to answer his challenge.

As Papa Lilla's fame grew, so did his wealth. He was able to invest in a number of promising businesses in the expanding city. One of these was a private contractor in Lower Street.

Then there developed the widely circulated—but unfortunately legendary—story that "as a duelist he was so deeply he had to buy a cemetery in which to bury his victims."

On March 14, 1845, Papa Lilla died of cholera, and 13. With him, it may be said, ended the duelling era in New Orleans.

Spanish consuls took place afterwards, but, generally, the city's young bloods found more sophisticated means of settling disputes than the slightly metropolitan "petate for two."



• Our office gossip tells us that a smart girl is one who knows how to play tennis, golf, piano—and drink. • Our belligerent bartender adds that women are the salt of the earth—they drove him to drink years ago. • Advice for the aged: Do not waste precious old-money on demand the private. • Tonight, on the other hand, is the time between purples and cocktails. • Some young things we know agree that a man should have a girl who can share his interests. As for me she's concerned, she's interested in everything her man has a share in. • Our librettist tells of the woman who came in hurriedly and demanded a book on marriage problems—complained she was married to one. • Signs at shop windows "Sale of Elastic Supplements in Stern Realistic Order to You." • Worried young men after operation asked his doctor if the scar would show. He told him it was entirely up to her. • The trouble with some marriages they tell us, is that both husband and wife are in love with the same woman. • Probably the loudest sound in the world is a piano's back—from under the grandstand. • Amusing with a woman is like going into a shower with an umbrella. What need does it do? • Catty Remarks Department: "No wonder she was a sensation. She had her backside down on backstage." • Nothing tells so much on a man as being—especially a good time. • When a woman suffers in silence, she's suffering! • You can always tell a well-informed man-by his opinions are not like your own. • Ever notice how the human voice changes when a woman quits seeing her husband and answers the phone? • Is a girl doesn't watch her figure, she's certainly the boys won't. • A fool and his money are soon parted. • How about the married who used to another after a stimulating jungle romp, "I got so fed up with people sweating?" • Cynical Comment: The discouraging thing about some people is that they're here today and here tomorrow. • The man who really knows a lot about women is too great to admit it.

OUR SECRET STORY: A letter came today unexpectedly one night and found his best friend making rather love to his wife. When his wrath had subsided for him to show himself, his friend suggested that they meet the situation like adults. As they both loved the woman, he asked why they should not play a piece of cat w/ mouse—the woman to get the lady. The husband contemplated the proposition for a moment, then agreed. "Okay," he said, "but what do you say we play for a while a point as the wife just makes it interesting?"

MATH KING

MEMORY FOR FACES

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BLANK IS VERY DISCREET
 IF WHY DOLLY SHOULD BE
 INTERVIEWED BY A WOMAN
 FOOTER. DOLLY IS
 DEFENSIVE.



YOU KNOW HOW MUCH
 WE'VE GOT TO LIVE WHEN
 DOES TWO LIVE?



I WANT TO STEER YOU
 OUT OF TROUBLE. YOU'RE
 A LITTLE DUMB - BUT YOU
 TOO MUCH TO SEE YOU
 IN TROUBLE.



THANK YOU, MR. BLANK.
 I APPRECIATE YOUR CALL.



SHE IS A REPORTER FOR
 THE GAZETTE.



SO MR. BLANK, WOULD
 YOU LIKE TO VISIT? I HAVE
 PRIVATE ADDRESS.



THEN I'M INTERESTED?



JUST TAKE MY TIP, MISS
 KATH. DON'T WRITE ABOUT
 DOLLY SARGENT.



KATH HAS NO RESENTMENT
 IN ASKING HER FAVOR
 APPOINTMENT TO COME
 HOME.



JOHN BLANK EXPLAINS TO
 KATH THAT HE
 COULDN'T COME TO SEE
 HER WIFE.



KATH IS WORRIED NOW.
 BY BLANK'S VISIT. HE
 MAY MAKE IT CLEAR THAT
 HE WANTS TO STOP THE
 DOLLY SARGENT STORY.



KATH TRIES TO TELEPHONE
 DOLLY SARGENT, BUT
 RECEIVES NO ANSWER.



AFTER HOURS OF FAILING TO GET DOWN, RUTH DECIDES TO CALL AT THE STUDIO. SHE KINGS TELLS TODD, THE PHOTOGRAPHER TO MEET HER THERE.



RUTH WASTES NO TIME, BUT RUTH'S TELLS ALREADY WAITING. THEY CLIMB THE STAIRS TO THE STUDIO.



THOUGH THE LIGHT IS ON, NOBODY ANSWERS RUTH'S REPEATED KNOCKING.



TELLS THEM THE DOOR, FINDS IT IS UNLOCKED.



"SHE'S DEAD!"



AT THAT MOMENT A SURPRISE CHALLENGE COMES INTO THE STUNCE ...



DON'T MOVE PLEASE. IT'S A PHONE CALL TOLD ME ABOUT THIS.



RUTH TELLS THE STORY OF HER FIRST DAY OF WORKING AS A PHOTOGRAPHER, AND OF HIS STORY. ...



TELLS TODD SUDDENLY COMES FOR THE DOOR. THE POLICE WERE TO STOP HER, BUT ARE TOO BLIND TELLS RUTH'S DOWN THE STAIRS.



RUTH'S STORY BRINGS UP TO LONG DISCUSSION, BUT SHE KNOWS IT HARD TO TELL THE STORY. STICK, RUTH'S IS STRONG.



UNANNOUNCED, TELLS TODD COMES IN.

BEFORE YOU CHANGE ANYBODY, LOOK AT THIS.



"DOLLY BRADSHAW-- BRADSHAW HERE?"



"THE DYED HAIR AND ROUNDED EYEBROWS MADE HIM LOOK LIKE A GUY WHO'D BEEN IN THE ARMY, BUT IT WAS THE SAME GUY. I KNEW THAT. BUT THE EYEBROWS WERE A LITTLE TOO THICK FOR PHOTOGRAPHIC EYES."

"WHY, IT'S FREDDY THE FOX-SEN'S GUY!"



"YES, THAT'S THE BLANK."

"WE COULD HAVE PROBED THE FORCES."



"LATER, YOUR HOLLYWOOD MIGHTY MAN COULD HAVE BEEN WITH THE ARTIST - DESIGNING FAMED TENSES?"

"AND DOLLY?"



"REMEMBER HIS NAME, WHICH I HAD TO HAVE NOW WAS LOST TO THE READER INTO CIRCULATION. THE HOOK-UP WAS ONLY A BLIND."



"THE DETECTIVE EMPLOYED THAT MAN AND FOUND HIM IN THE INTERVIEWED FOR THE GUY. HE REVEALED THAT THE NEWS-PAPER WAS ON TO THE FORGERIES, AND..."



"HE MADE HIM TO KEEP THE SECRET?"

"THAT'S SO BUT ALONE YOU ARE FAMILIAR FROM ABOUT A COUPLE?"



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PHOTOPLAY



The Twiteking Face

GAVIN CASEY • FICTION

"REILLY came in out of the cold, and sat on the edge of Inspector Jellison Redwing's desk. "Driff! Cas, all did it," he said.

"Well, we had him picked in the first three, didn't we?" Redwing said. "How did you find out he was the one?"

Reilly looked sour. "Bingus from the Shadow Squad," he explained. Cassell killed Winchester between all that car business last year."

"Do we know where Cassell is?" Redwing asked. He spread all his fat that had once been much more comfortably over his neck chair, and peered weakly at Detective-Sergeant Reilly.

"We do," Reilly told him, showing a little satisfaction for the first time. "He thinks we don't, but we do. He and that cynical bludge of his are haled up out of Mr. Shabers'. We can pick him up any time we're ready."

"When would you say that would be?"

"Never," Reilly guessed. "All we've got is the body of a dead crook. What Bingus knows and what half the crime as town know won't prove a thing."

"There's a setup I don't like any more than you do, Reilly," Redwing said.

"Then let me bring him in, anyway," Reilly pleaded suddenly alert and hopeful again. "Howes and I'll wring it out of him."

"Now, now, Joe! You'll only get us all into trouble that way," said the inspector, reproachfully.

"We'll never get anywhere any other way," the younger man said passionately. "Let's have a look at the fellow's record, Joe!" Redwing suggested. "Get his file, and all the pictures we've got will you?"

Redwing peered over the record of Cassell for a long while and the sergeant leaned and smoked in respectful discontent. But the old man was reading what he had expected and hoped to read.

DRIFF WAS A KILLER WITH A WAVERED, TWISTED MIND MADE TO ORDER FOR THE INSPECTOR'S SHREWD PSYCHOLOGY.

"Listen, Inspector," Reddy said. "I'd better get back on the job. I don't know what to do next, but I'd better do something."

"Right," agreed Redwing, eventually finished with Caswell's file.

Then the inspector talked gently for quite a long while, and the blood circulation on Reddy's face gave way to an expression of awed doubt. Redwing finished up by saying, happily, "So you see, you'll have a job after your own heart, if it works, for I've got one of the photographs, and we'll have the picture shown."

After that there was a short, busy session, and towards the end of it the inspector handed to the police stationer a draft of a press release. It was mainly a description of Driff Caswell, without the name, but described him as "a man the police are anxious to interrogate regarding the recent murder of the underworld character, Alexander 'Freddie' Winchester."

Underneath the typed particulars of a man was a line added in Redwing's handwriting. "The man's face twitches," it said, "particularly when he is anxious or afraid, or is subjected to close scrutiny."

Next morning, on the sunny side of the city, Driff Caswell paced the dingy back room behind Mr. Statham's wine saloon. Ray Temple—the pale, cold, greyish blonde who had had his fascination for a long time—was propped up in the bed.

"Of course it isn't me," Driff snapped.

"It could be you," the blonde insisted. "Anyone who sees this picture'd take a second look at you."

"What about the twitching face?" Driff howled. "They're after a guk with a twitchin' face, isn't they?"

The angry glow faded in Caswell's eyes, and he flashed a quick answer:

look at the needy mirror. His face was not twitching, of course. He made it twitch, twice, to study the effect.

The afternoon papers carried the picture again, a column wider than the morning ones.

"There!" said Driff, triumphantly. "Look at the big picture. Even a half-blind creel like you can see it isn't me."

"It still might be, honey," the girl said.

"Any role, the twitching face settles it," he asserted, for the twentieth time. "They're backin' up the wrong tree, as usual."

In the early hours of the morning, he awoke in distress from a dream in which he had suffered from an overpowering twitch, and his wrists had been handcuffed to those of two burly detectives.

Next day the papers had nothing to say about the Winchester murder. It made him feel better, and it seemed to put some of Ray's fears at rest, too. That night they went to Tony's, to a table in a quiet corner where they were joined from time to time by underworld cronies.

He drank a lot, on top of the large quantity he had drunk on his Southern back room during the day, and felt powerful, successful, unbeatable. He had killed Winchester with lead almost a week ago, and here he was, well and healthy, and back on the old beat, and the cops were looking for some mug with a twitching face.

He suddenly felt Ray's long fingers clutched his arm.

He looked up. Ray was staring at a leady man three tables away. The man was about his size and build. As Driff watched him, the man's face twitched.

The man lifted his head and saw them staring. His face began to

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twink, came violently. A water came to their table with a new bottle.

"What's that juice?" That one over there!" That demanded of the waiter.

The waiter looked across the room. "Some fellow from Melbourne, Druff," he said. "Only been some time here a few days or a week. Seen him with Henry Yorks once, and they was both with a party another night. Made on his own. Then the waiter's eyes widened a little and he added, "Never seen him here before, like that before, though."

"We're staring at him. We're all staring at him. Remember what a real smart it getting worse, Druff?" Kay heard, her whole face white as then over.

The man with the twitching face got up and went quickly out. Druff looked in a sharp breath, and the girl said, "Good, he was like you, too. Apart from the twitcher's face, I mean."

"Well, what the hell does that matter, as long as my head don't twitch?" Druff roared.

On the way back to their stateroom, a few minutes later, a set of muscles in his cheek began to feel vaguely stiff and sore, but he kept the tension on them. His face didn't twitch—it had never twitched, and now of all times it must not start. It didn't, of course, even when they were in the locked room, and he let the waiter relax and recovered himself gradually in the mirror.

The next night Druff somehow couldn't bring himself to go again to Tony's, the place where they had seen the man with the twitching face. They went to the Cuckoo's Nest, and it was pleasant until nearly midnight.

Then the man who looked like Druff but twitched was there again, a few tables away.

Druff told to Kay loudly, "There

he is! There he is again! But before her eyes were properly focused, Druff and another policeman walked into the restaurant.

"Hello, Druff!" Druff said. "We've been looking for you."

"What do you mean? What do you want me for?"

"Wrecking!" Druff told him, loudly, and as Cassell's mind got into proper working order again he got started up in time.

"You got the black," Cassell yelled.

"There he is, over there!" He pointed dramatically, but the man was gone. "He was there a second ago, the one that looked like me, only he has twitcher. You got it published about his face twitching, and you know name don't."

"Then you best friends won't tell you," Druff said, sadly. "Did you ever look at a mirror, Druff?"

Druff's own eyes were fixed on a big, showy wall-mirror behind Cassell's head, and Druff swung around in fury and panic. His face, nervous face seemed all wild staring eyes, and it was twitching with the crazy rhythm of Druff's shattered nerves. Then he swung again, with his gun out.

But Druff's gun was already clamped. It poured lead into Druff where the twitch would be most certain.

Druff never knew that the man with the twitching face who had been at Tony's and the Cuckoo's Nest had been a desperado.

"Just as well, of course," and Detective-Detective Hedberg, philosophically. "And as the long run my method served as a lot more trouble, and the taxpayers some money for trouble and things, didn't it, Druff?"

"I'll say!" agreed Detective-Detective Druff, fervently. "It was definite and final, so, with most of the trouble for the people who deserved it most, and none of these noisy, noisy edges left over."

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I find your lesson very simple to follow and already have made very good progress for myself and have also made a few for my mother.

—Miss F. H. of N.

In my opinion when I have made two books and a suit, I find it very simple to follow, and I am sure you are probably doing it very well.

—Miss A. G. of N.

I have made a suit which fits perfectly, also a dress. I am thrilled with your course.

—Miss B. H. of N.

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WHEN A WORM GLOWS

The little black bob of hair on Mr. Drummond's top lip was one of the few attributes he had retained. He had, in fact, few attributes. He thought he had retained one when, on the eve of his return to the tropics, he led the stately Bertha to the altar. As a matter of fact, the condition was Bertha's and he was merely carrying out the dictates of a stranger nature.

They say the only thing a lion fears is his shadow, and if that is true, Drummond may be excused his daily—and nightly—fear of his wife. When he had been married a year he developed a worried fear of displeasing her.

While by chance a day passed with-

out a reaping word from his wife, Drummond felt that life was good—but even then he had to be careful. The night was yet to come. If he disturbed her by turning over in bed or trying to arrange the mosquito curtain she was capable of giving him a most back-breaking or his pathetically puny share, complaining "Don't you ever be still, Herbert?"

The first time that happened he was wrenched. The second time, and thereafter, he lay dead sleep and made no answer.

When Bertha dropped all pretence of loving Drummond he continued to worship her. Obviously too hard on some men. He told himself that the tropics were too much for him; he

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Dunsmuir joined a couple of friends and began talking for drinks, too.

"There won't be any shooting. They'll run," said Captain Noble. "Not so sure, Bill," said Skipper Harrissy. "Where would they run to? There's only the sea, and I'm not taking them."

"Maybe they'll commendate your ship. It's been done before, you know," said Noble.

Dunsmuir suddenly remembered he had to take home a book for his wife, from the club library. He chose a soap-looking novel with lots of talk in it—the only kind she ever read. When he got back to the bar he found John Seabright had come on with the news that No. 11 Regiment was on its way down from Chicago to delodge the rebels.

Most of the staff had decided to go home, but a few stayed on to play billiards. Dunsmuir had no stomach to cheer for the big company that day, so the big tanker waiting at the curb here was not expected to finish before morning. He decided to go home, too, and just managed to catch the last train leaving Ebbw Vale for Cardiff. He passed No. 11 Regiment, on its way down from Chicago, on the train, walking into the town.

At the head office in Cardiff, Dunsmuir reported to his Chief before catching the train to his suburb. The capital was calm and probably most of the people were still unaware of the revolt in Ebbw Vale. The traffic to all other suburbs was running normally, and Dunsmuir got home without trouble.

"Did you bring my book?" asked Martha.

"Yes, but I'm sorry, darling. I quite forgot. I chose a book but I left it in the bar."

"Don't you think you're getting selfish, Herbert? And don't you ever think of my sitting here alone all

A WARNING TO MEN IN MID-LIFE

At about 35 years of age most men show a marked decline in vitality and vigor. At the same time, and for an apparent reason, they suddenly develop a nervous tension and emotional instability. These are usually in sleep, and less frequent in the day. They suffer from joint pains, become irritable and nervous, easy to excite, moody, sometimes unable to concentrate, and even at 35 they're a constant changing target. But this change is not inevitable. It is due to only 35% of men. These symptoms appear at the age of 35 and there are many cases of men as young as 25 who have had their energy.

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day with no one even to talk to!"

"The sorry, dear. I'll bring it this afternoon."

Thames thought it better not to mention the revolution. It would be foolish to worry her needlessly. His confession the shooting would be over soon after lunch, he worried also to keep an eye on the tankers just in case the finished pumping only needed assistance. So he left home at the usual time in the afternoon and took the train to Charing, but the express train to Fibers was now off.

With two other men who had been sent in the post he hired a taxi, although he was not hopeful of getting through. Sure enough, soldiers stopped them at the toll gate.

"No one can go through to Fibers," announced the corporal.

"If you don't let me go through, you won't get any petrol for your tanks, I work for the oil company," said Thames. He leaned back in his seat and made no effort to argue the point.

They got through. On the outskirts of Fibers the sound of shots caused the driver to halt. That was his last. Thames therefore took the front side seat leading to the tank farm, and there found Morby, the engineer, supervising the pumps and doing the work of loan man.

"What do you want?" he asked, glancing at Thames. Everyone spoke to Thames as if he was a strong dog people somehow liked. "Have you shot up, dog already?"

"Well, you know, it's opposite the vet and they're shooting," said Thames. "What time will the tank pumps?"

"About six in the morning. The oil's not too warm. Maybe you could send a message to my wife and tell her I'm all right."

"Sure I will. Anything else?"

"No, thanks, Dorsey. Please."

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Men pass away, but people abide. See that ye hold fast the heritage we leave you. Teach your children its value that, never in the coming centuries, their hearts may fail them as their hands grow weak. Altho' we have been too much afraid — Nevertheless we will fear only God.—Sir Francis Drake, 1548-88

We have pleasure in offering what Sir Francis Drake said as our New Year greeting to the hundreds of good people with whom we have become acquainted through *Cavalade*, and in other corners of this paper. We believe Drake's words will be an inspiration during 1933; that they will help us to carry on bravely during the months in which fearful dangers, personal and national, may have to be made.

The Pelman Institute has always encouraged in its pupils the confidence in self-confidence and self-respect, the cultivation of habits of body, mind and spirit which enable its pupils to stand up to the stress and strain of life. Whichever the year 1933 may bring to us, as individual men or women, or as a nation, these habits will give us boldness to plan, embolden us to trust, and the great quality of facing without flinching the dangers greater to each of us in common to the people as a whole.—*The Pelman Institute.*

The habits are got by developing qualities and attitudes, the more significant of which are Observation, Will Power, Decision, Self-Confidence, Judgment, Concentration, Initiative, and a faithful Memory. As the habits form, the qualities become concrete. For 43 years it has been the prime function of the Pelman Institute, Melbourne, to develop these qualities in its pupils, and it has successfully done this with over 30,000 men and women in Australia and New Zealand.

"The Missing Mind" describes The Pelman Course. Copies are sent free. Write or call The Pelman Institute, 11 Glenmore House, 100 Flinders Lane, Melbourne. All inquiries are regarded as confidential. The Institute has no female representatives.

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Bullish upon and whisked over this name as he walked further into Britain. He could now see men, with machine guns and rifles, running on the first roofs. He passed the foot and fallen and the chase was on. A bullet smacked the wall in front of him. The streamers were deserted—the only sign of life was on the roofs.

If it was no worse than this thought Dunning, there would be no difficulty in getting the message through to Marty's wife. He got to the high walls, ran up the steps and almost fell on the stairs and steps. The bulk it covered almost blocked the passage.

"Not John." "I" he asked. John Searlight was the only American he had seen that morning in the club.

They nodded. Searlight explained. "Two machine-gun bullets through his brains. He was in a ballroom and they shot from the roof somewhere opposite."

Dunning saw blood on the floor and a shattered portrait on the wall. It was strange to see the club with no one drinking in it. Men cursed softly. Someone had to tell Searlight's wife, too.

Dunning, passing silently through the last row his back and poked it up. He walked down to the Point and delivered Marty's message. Next, he called at his office and, apart from bullet holes in the steel walls left behind in Puckett are made was little damage. Back in the street he got a taxi without difficulty and as he drove out of the town he saw bands of soldiers, who had been first sent to fight the rebels, now leaving the Gap grocery stores and scattering the life out of the little shopkeepers.

When he popped into the head office to report the reception he got almost overwhelmed him. Dunning had forgotten that, the worse being

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down, as news could come through from the post. Consequently the Company was worrying about the lack there and the trouble—not to mention the employees. Dumas reassured them.

"I am very grateful, Dumas," said the Chief. "It was very sporting of you to go back after lunch when you didn't have to, you know."

"Didn't have to?" thought Dumas. "Then why did I go back?"

Buying a newspaper, he boarded the train for home. He read that more fifty soldiers and a couple of aviators had been killed, but the aviators had failed. The paper praised the aviators. Dumas felt sorry for the Japs.

He forgot to pick up his book when he alighted. He walked into a grocery market—one of those steel, rain-proof markets the Japs provide as a compensation for the wet of the day. Dumas stopped at the stall edge and felt a warm glow mounting in him. As he stood at the day words seemed to vibrate in living colours against the background of

reds and yellows and greens.

"Very sporting . . . Oh, very sporting!"

That was what made him glow. And it was a real, physical sense of warmth. He felt elated. No one had ever before greeted him so openly and so heartily. When he reached his house and put the key in the door he was clanking in his self.

The quivering shaft struck him in the stomach. "Did you bring my book, Bertha?"

The chinkle died away as a chicken's squeak came when you wring its neck. Then, most amazingly, it took up the note it had died on—and would not stop.

Like it or not, in the years to follow Bertha was destined to suffer it. The chinkle was now declaring the Dumas War of Independence. The declaration in actual words was to be nothing sensational, for Dumas was not that kind. He bowed at his wife and let his messenger then rub it with a stony finger.

"What book?" he asked blandly.

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Talking Points

OCCLUDE . . .

HERMAN VOLK's "Out With Two Bodies," on page 46, is a fascinating account of a rare psychic phenomenon. The strange power that Evelyn Sages possessed should make even the most disenchanted readers think. The experience of a "spiritual double" or "astral twin" has not been limited to this French girl alone, but her case is the best authenticated. To the spiritualist, an "astral twin" is, supposedly, the "mirrored image" of one's self—the image that transcends the body and the gross, Oriental yoga, mediums and a few psychic-prone people like Evelyn have, it is said, the secret of conjuring up or transmuting the "astral body" at will. Although, at first thought such a power might seem a handy little attribute, in the case of Evelyn Sages it proved nothing but a life-long curse.

HEPBERED . . .

In "Do Women Rule the World" (page 48), Horner Sherman presents a word of warning about the present power of women. He alleges Western civilization is in danger of developing into a matriarchy—men reduced to the position of lawning wits to be mentored.

DUELS . . .

With its corseted-in population, its proud, aristocratic, classified, lord-ruling hierarchy, and its warm sub-tropical climate the city of New

Orleans had doubt almost as practically as the swamp outside the city had consequences. In "Freaks for Two" on page 49, Peter Hargrove gives you a bright summary of these mad gambles with death.

NEXT MONTH . . .

Cosmo affiliates are well catered for next month in Cleveland with "Head-Headed Tiger-Woman," the story of Winnie Ruth Judd, America's most famous gynecomast, and "Tale of a Lovely Woman," which describes how, when the near-nude body of a beautiful girl was found on a Long Island beach, the police was not far one of the most baffling unsolved crimes of modern times—and the subsequent unfolding of the tragedy of a society good-time girl. If you think you are losing your virility, you should look up the "Dangerous Age for Men," a daring examination of the webby-held that now belated crossroads idea that men do not undergo any major glandular and emotional transformation similar to the menopause in women. As a final offering in what we think is an outstanding line-up, we take you to "Let's Win a David Lover." Ask any Frenchman to name the world's greatest lover, and it's bound to be made he will select an unknown, unnamed, high-heeled and powdered little coquette named Pierre Loti, one of France's most important modern novelists.

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